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St. Stephen's-Green

OR THE

Generous LOVERS.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at

The Theatre-Royal,

IN

DUBLIN.

First Edition.

Written by WILL. PHILIPS, Esq;

DUBLIN,

Printed by John Brien in School-House-Lane;

And are to be Sold by the Booksellers, 1720.

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TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Earl of *INCHIQUIN.*

My Lord,

THis Play has a double Reaſon for ſeeking Shelter under Your Lordſhip; I Writ it, and for our *Iriſh* Stage, and You are the chief Friend which either has: But I ſhou'd be Cautious in Declaring what 'tis probable the World may Condemn in you; ſince in the Humour the preſent Age is, for a Man to own that he thinks Plays even lawful, 'tis almoſt enough to bring his Principles of Morality and Religion into Queſtion. But, My Lord, the Firmneſs of yours is ſo well known, that I ſhall have no Reaſon to forbear ſaying, you have an Eſteem for Plays; and I may, with Safety to

your Reputation, Applaud you for it, ſince I am Confident the greateſt Zealot wou'd ſlacken his Fury againſt the Stage, and join with you in Supporting it, did he know how earneſtly you Wiſh it Reform'd from the Corruption of Manners, to the Encouraging Virtue, and Expoſing Vice; and with what Decency, Modeſty, and Good Breeding, you wou'd have it Regulated. You may remember you Caution'd me to obſerve theſe Things, when I firſt acquainted you that I had a Deſign to Write this Comedy, and I have attempted to Obey you. I wiſh Your Lordſhip had given me farther Inſtructions; then, this wou'd have appear'd more Perfect and Correct to the World, and an Offering more Worthy you. As it is, I preſent it to you with Courage, becauſe I know, the Errors your Judgment diſcerns, your Goodneſs will Excuſe, and what you cannot Excuſe you will at leaſt Forgive. I only Wiſh there may be ſomething in it which may prevent your Bluſhing while you Protect it, and ſhall very readily own the Faults the Criticks find in it; I have not yet heard them, but without doubt there are many, and therefore I think my ſelf the more obliged to thoſe who have been ſo particularly kind to this Play. They have ſufficiently evidenced how Inclinable they are to Encourage Wit and Poetry, by being ſo Favourable and ſo Generous

to my weak Attempts on both; who have so little of the one, and so unskill'd in the other. I shou'd be extreamly pleas'd, if my Success wou'd move any other who has a happier Genius, to divert this Town with some Performance of this kind. But it is my Satisfaction and Pride, that tho' he shou'd Write better, he cannot meet with more Encouragement than I have done. And since I own my Weakness, and yet boast of Success, you may be assur'd, that as I think my self Answerable for the former, so I know the latter is owing to your Lordship; another Proof of your accustomed Goodness, and a fresh Obligation to me. But this is a Subject I must not pursue, for tho' the acknowledgment of Obligations is but a small Return, yet I know you th[illegible]; and therefore tho' Silence is a Pain to the Grateful, yet I choose to be uneasy to my self, rather [illegible] offensive to your Modesty, which I know will not Pardon my Publishing, what you will not allow me even to mention when we are together. Give me leave only, My Lord, to assure you that I have a just Sense of your Favours, and that tho' I had ne're receiv'd one, yet I shou'd ever have been

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Faithful and most Humble Servant,

Will. Philips.

PROLOGUE.

HOw hard's the Fate which Poetry attends,
When ev'ry Man to be its Judge Pretends.
Not so in other Arts; Painters best tell
Which Colour, Shade, or Posture does excel.
Doctors a Right to Kill or Save obtain;
And Lawyers only do the Law Explain.
But ev'ry Fool fancies indulgent Heav'n
And equal Share of Wit to him has giv'n.
And talks of Time, Place, Action, and the Plot,
Words, like a Parrot, he by rote has got.
Hither such come to Censure, not to Hear,
And whisper dull Remarks in's Neighbour's Ear.
Chat the whole Play, then Judgment give at Guess,
And damn the Poet for the Actor's dress.
Strut in the Pit, Survey the Gallery,
In hopes to be lur'd up by some kind She.
Humours still opposite to ours they have,
Laugh when we weep; and when we laugh look grave.
Our Author hopes none such are here to Day,
For they'll ne're relish this Dull Sober Play.
Where there's not one Immodest Word to move
In the Box Blushes, or a Laugh above.
But for their Comfort, tho' the Scene be here,
The Character's of Fate he takes elsewhere.
If any to themselves Reflections take,
They are to Blame who Applications make.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Lady *Volant*.

WHo to a Monarch humbly ſues for Grace,
Shou'd not Conſult the Merits of his Caſe,
So much, as thoſe who offer his Addreſs;
'Tis by their Int'reſt he muſt hope Succeſs.
Our Author thus, who can no Merit Plead,
But the harſh Cenſures he deſerve does dread,
Orders that I for Mercy Intercede.
He Judges right, but in his Choice he's out,
As he his Merit, I my Int'reſt doubt.
And well I may, ſince 'tis by different Arts,
I muſt pleaſe Men, and gain the Ladies Hearts.
The Beaus I won'd Oblige, but that you know
Is more than one poor Woman has Pow'r to do.
Beſides they're all ſo Mercenary grown,
They'll grant no Favour, unleſs I grant one.
Their Anſwer is, when we a Boon demand,
Meet me at Chappellizard, *or the* Strand.
And that's a Bribe I think too dear to give,
To let this Play their dreadful Rage ſurvive.
And from the Fair, what Mercy can be had!
I fear they'll hate me for but ſeeming Bad.
In hopes to pleaſe, now we have done the Play,
I'll throw the Nauſeous Mask of Vice away.
And ſtrive thoſe Paths of Virtue to purſue,
So ſtrictly kept, ſo eminent in you.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Freelove, A Gentleman of *England* } Friends.
Bellmine, A Gentleman of *Ireland* }
Sir *Francis Feignyouth*, Old and Amorous.
Wormwood, Snarling and Ill-natur'd.
Vainly, A Pert Conceited Fop.
Trickwell, Servant to *Freelove*.
Timothy Tellpenny, Steward to Lady *Volant*.

Æmilia, Niece to Sir *Francis Feignyouth*.
Marina, His Daughter.
Lady *Volant*, Affected and Mercinary.

St.

St. Stephen's-Green

OR,

The Generous Lovers.

ACT I.

SCENE St. *Stephen's-Green.*

Enter Æmilia *and* Marina.

Mar. WELL, well, *Æmilia*, You may pretend what you pleaſe; But I am ſure, You go to Church thus conſtantly, only to Pray for an Eaſterly Wind.

Æmi. Truly *Marina*, if my Love has made me Devout, yours has made you very Lazy; for ever ſince you ſaw *Bellmine*, you are grown as fond of your Bed, as a young Poet is of his firſt Works.

Mar. And is not that a properer place to think of one's Lover, than the Church? I am as much teaz'd with your Devotion, as a Rake is with Dunns, or as a Mask in the Play-Houſe is, with that Rake.

Æmi. Love that ſweetens all Tempers, has ſowr'd thine.

Mar. Pray let me hear no more of it then.

Æmi. And yet if I ſhould Talk of any thing elſe, you would no more mind me, than our Gallery does the Parſon. What! Laſt Pacquet brought you no Letters? Why, he's Coming

Mar. So is *Freelove*; That makes you ſo Gay. But Dear *Æmilia*, now I have mention'd him, inform me better of his Character, and tell me how you came acquainted with him, for he muſt be an Extraordinary Perſon that cou'd pleaſe you.

Æmi. While I waited for a Wind at *Cheſter*, he chanc'd to come thither. He ſaw me, and it ſeems I diſpleas'd him not. He quickly found an opportunity to be acquainted, ſince I did not ſhun it; for I own at firſt view I lik'd him.

Mar. How, at firſt View! What! You that ſuch Numbers have ſigh'd for, and have been inſenſible to all; Like at ſight!

Æmi. 'Twere a Wrong to Friendſhip, and Beneath me, to diſſemble with you. His Perſon pleas'd me; but when he talk'd, his Diſcourſe appear'd ſo Soft, ſo Natural; his Wit ſo Lively and ſo Unconſtrain'd; That, tho' I ever Dreaded the Inconveniencies of Love, I ſtruggled harder to conceal my Flame, than to reſtrain my Heart; for having Seen and Heard, 'twas mine no more.

Mar. Meer Rapture! But what Reputation has he in the World? For I regard that more than his Perſon or Wit.

Æmi. As I, ſo he, was to moſt a Stranger. All agreed he had no Eſtate, but a Fine Gentleman.

Mar. How's that! No Eſtate, and a Fine Gentleman; Adviſe him to keep where he is, if he would preſerve that Character.

Character. I aſſure you, 'tis as Difficult to be thought ſo here, without an Eſtate; as it is to be thought Honeſt and Get one.

Æmi. All are not of that Opinion; for if *Bellmine* had no Fortune, I ſuppoſe you wou'd think him a Fine Gentleman.

Mar. I thank Heaven he has a very good one, and really Couſin, I find it much for his Intereſt in my Heart, that I never Conſidered him without One.

Æmi. You are Mercenary.

Mar. Not wholly ſo; perhaps I ſhou'd not eſteem an acquaintance the worſe; But I think a Good Eſtate is one of the prettieſt Qualifications a Husband can have; my Love may decay, but an Eſtate is a certain Good. Oh, 'tis ſuch a Comfort! When my Husband is in a Dogged Humour, to call for my Glaſs Chariot, take the Air on the *Strand*, and make half a ſcore pleaſant Viſits, and as many Conqueſts.

Æmi. Conqueſts! I hope you wou'd not receive Addreſſes if you were Married?

Mar. Not Bare-fac'd Love, not Plain ſo; but certainly nothing pleaſes us more, than to be Admir'd; pleaſes us! pleaſes every Thing; What thing is not pleas'd to be Lik'd? Then 'tis a certain Cure for the Spleen. Can any thing be more Diverting than to have a Man who has ten times more Wit than I have, fall at my Feet, and Adore mine.

Æmi. Can you think ſo, and not conclude it Flattery?

Mar. Flattery! What then? Is not my Power ſtill the Greater, to force him to ſay, what he does not think? Then I make my Husband Jealous by it.

Æmi. Is that an Advantage?

Mar. Oh a Great One! I have known it ſharpen many a Stomach that was Cloy'd before. At Leaſt, if Jealouſie

will not make him Kind, 'twill make him Civil, out of fear of what I may do; Nay, I think it ſhou'd make him Proud too.

Æmi. There is indeed a ſecret pleaſure in having our Choice approv'd of; and I never knew a Man fond of his VVife, when ſhe was ſlighted by others. He will no more boaſt of his Choice then, than ſhe with Reaſon will boaſt of her Virtue. And it ſeems then, you do not doubt being Admir'd.

Mar. Truly *Æmilia*, I fancy this Face, Bad as it is, with the advantage of Gay Cloaths, Coach and Equipage, will draw Admirers, when there are ſo many Stait Fellows in Red out of Employment.

Æmi. Fy, fy, You begin to talk madly; come, let's haſte to Church, and drive away theſe Thoughts; I believe they have almoſt done.

Mar. Well, Thou art the ſtrangeſt Creature; You are always interrupting my Mirth with Church, and at Church I am ſure you are thinking of ſomething elſe.---- Come prithee, Let us take t'other Turn---- What you will go---- Well I follow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Freelove, Bellmine *and* Trickwell, *as newly Arriv'd.*

Free. We have had a pleaſant Quick Paſſage. Wou'd there were no more Shelves, nor Quickſands, no more Difficulties in my Voyage of Love, and that it might be as ſoon finiſh'd.

Bell. I am ſure I have been aboard long enough to ſmell like one of the Cabbin Boys; I fancy I totter ſtill; the Ground ſeems to riſe in Waves before me, and when I walk,

I lift my Feet and Paw like a Horſe who has juſt loſt his ſight.

Free. (*Looking about*) A pleaſant place this! The Name of it?

Bell. St. *Stephen's-Green.*

Free. I like the Air.— I am glad your Houſe has the benefit of it. Here Sirrah——— what, you are Surveying where you ſhall get Drunk to Night; this Rogue looks out for a Brandy Shop with more Earneſtneſs and Joy, than a Privateer for a Merchant Man. I wonder *Bellmine* you dare truſt this Drunken Rogue with ſo many weighty Affairs.

Trick. Alas Sir, Your Worſhip knows, I am the ſobereſt Man alive: But if ever I do drink, 'tis always after I have diſpatch'd my Buſineſs, I divide my time well.

Free. Oh yes! Exceeding well! Between Drinking for your Diverſion, and Pimping for his. But while you are Sober, and before he has any New Honourable Employment for you, go ſee that our Things are brought from Ship-board. We ſhall walk here till you return. [*Exit* Trick.

Bell. If all my Old Friends have not forgot me, I hope to employ him.

Free. I thought this laſt Amour wou'd have made a Convert of thee, and Cur'd thee of all Extravagancies.

Bell. This laſt Amour has Quite ſpoyl'd thee; thou wer't once one of the prettieſt Fellows about the Town; thy Advice aſſiſted me in Love, thy Wit promoted Drinking, thy Example Encourag'd both; But now thou art Grown a Downright Damn'd, Sober, Dull, Virtuous Fellow.

Free. Well, You are upon the Brink of Matrimony, if it does not Cure thee, 'twill at leaſt tame thee.

Bell. Oh for Heaven's ſake Name it not! I dread it as much as our Farmers do the Wool-Bill.

Free. If you have ſuch terrible apprehenſions of it; How came you to think on't?

Bell.

Bell. Think on't! Why I don't think on't, nor ever will think on't. If I Repent, which 'tis a thouſand to one but I ſhall, I am Reſolv'd to have that Excuſe, that I Marry'd inconſiderately.

Free. 'Tis as extravagant and unaccountable for a Man of your Sentiments, and looſe Life, to Marry, as for a Coward with a good Eſtate to turn Souldier; Yet I have ſeen both; and as in an Engagement, they VVink and Dye, ſo you'll VVink and Marry.

Bell. I beſeech you, no more of it. I hate the word, Marriage, as much as a Mariner does whiſtling at Sea; and for the ſame Reaſon, I fancy it will raiſe Stormy VVeather. 'Tis a hard Caſe that we muſt ſubmit to the thing we Hate, before we can have the VVoman we Love.

Free. The Ladies have a much harder Caſe with Men of your Extravagant Principles: You are always Teazing 'em with Love; if they Return it, you Inſult; if they Refuſe it, you Rail; if they Marry you, you grow weary of them; if they Comply without it, you Contemn them.

Bell. *Æmilia* has made you a Rare Advocate for the Sex; I have known the time, when you wou'd no more allow Virtue in VVomankind, than Honeſty in a Jeſuit, or Sincerity in a Courtier.

Free. VVhenever you hear any Man talk ſo, take it for Granted, that he has lately met with ſome Diſappointment; or that he is more Converſant with the Bottle than with them; and 'tis then we chiefly deny them to be Virtuous, when we find they are ſo: For ſome of you prudent Sparks, never Commend a VVoman, but to Conceal an Intrigue with her; and the readieſt way to ruin their Reputation, is for ſuch to give her a good Character.

Bell. I confeſs I have more Charity for them ſince I knew *Marina*, than formerly, and you are giving a ſufficient Proof of your good Opinion of the Sex, and of the Violence of

your

your Love, that have come from *London* hither, to Marry a Lady without a Fortune.

Free. And wou'd think my Travel round the Earth Rewarded with a Look.

Bell. I know I pleaſe you, by daily asking her Character.

Free. My Heart is never Eaſy, while my Tongue is employ'd about any other Subject. She has Goodneſs without Folly or Eaſineſs; Wit and Virtue without ill Nature or Vanity; Beauty without Art or Affectation: She is ſo Excellent, that even her own Sex Admires her, for thoſe very Charms which Create their Envy.

Bell. Young, I don't doubt.

Free. She is ſo Young, ſhe wou'd not take it Ill, to be call'd Old.

Bell. But has ſhe ſuch an entire Poſſeſſion of your Heart, that you can make Love to no other?

Free. I cou'd not even Affect it.

Bell. I can, as you ſhall ſee immediately; for I perceive ſome Ladies coming this way Mask'd.

Free. Well, I'll give you an Opportunity and Leave you.

Bell. No, to give me an Opportunity, you muſt ſtay; Engage one, while I talk to the other.

Free. You muſt Excuſe me.

Bell. Away, Thou art Grown as Surly, as if thou were already Married; Come, no Denial, walk on a little, we'll take a ſhort Turn and Meet them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Æmilia *and* Marina.

Mar. Now as I live Couſin our Prayers are heard; Yonder is certainly my Spark *Bellmine*.

Æmi. And with him *Freelove*! How my Heart beats and labours in my Breaſt! And now my Blood has taken the Alarm, flies

flies to its Spring to be Aſſiſtant there, forſakes its Channels, and leaves each diſtant part Pale and Faint.

Mar. Pale and Faint! That is pleaſant: Now am I ten times more Lively than I was; my Heart is a little Unruly too; But that is only, becauſe it is weary of this Old Dull Priſon, and has a mind to exchange Quarters with that Gentleman's. Prithee don't ſtand Trembling here, but let us walk towards 'em.

Æmi. Marina, Hold! I muſt be recovered a little before I own my ſelf: But what ſay you, if we ſhou'd keep on our Masks, and ſee if they will Attack us; we ſhall try their Conſtancy by it.

Mar. Nay, as for Conſtancy, I am not ſo Unreaſonable as to expect that yet. 'Twill be very well, if my Spark leaves Rambling to a half Crown Ordinary abroad, when he has a plentiful Feaſt provided for him at home. However, I like the Propoſal, I ſhall try his Wit, and Rally him by it: And Nothing pleaſes me more than making an Aſs of a Man of Wit; and a Mask is a Rare Opportunity, it Conceals who we are, and Encourages us to be Bold, while our Sex Protects us.

Re-enter Freelove *and* Bellmine.

Bell. Ladies your Servant! We think our ſelves very Fortunate, That the firſt we ſee have ſo fine a Mien and Shape, and I am confident your Faces are anſwerable: Will not you have the good Nature as to Unmask, and prove me in the Right?

Mar. A good reaſonable Requeſt truly in your firſt Speech: Are the Ladies of your Acquaintance ſo very Coming? But you are as much Strangers to us in Expecting it, as you are to the place by Demanding it.

Bell. You like us the worſe it may be for being ſo?

Mar.

Mar. That ſuppoſition ſhews you are Strangers, or you wou'd know, that to be ſo, is a recommendation here.

Bel. Does that humour reign here? I hope it does in you too; then I may ſucceed; for I aſſure you I am but this moment arriv'd; and to make me ſtill the more acceptable to thee, my Pretty Dear Creature; know, that I have brought over ſome New Faſhions, New Tunes, and New Plays; I can tell you which Houſe has the beſt Audience, which Player is moſt Applauded; who the Celebrated Beauty of the Town, who keeps the beſt Equipage; I can tell you who Loves who, and who does worſe; what Duels have been lately Fought; who Kill'd, who Hang'd, who Jilted, who Married, who——

Mar. And ſo Convince me, you go abroad for the ſame wiſe Intent, moſt of our young Sparks do. But you may as ſoon Borrow Money of a grave Citizen, by this Character of your ſelf, as expect any Favour from me by it.

Bel. Will not this pleaſe you? why then I can give you an account of the Court; I can tell you which Lord has the greateſt Levy; I can tell you of great Favourites, who ſcarce cou'd Breathe for Crowds of ſervile Sycophants, and in a days time as lonely as if it had been Writ over their Doors, **This Houſe is Infected with the Plague**. I can tell you of the Advancement of Fools and Knaves, and the Diſgrace of Men of Senſe Worth, I can——

Mar. Hold, hold, you will only perſwade me you have met with ſome Diſappointment there, for few rail at the Court for any other Reaſon.

Bel. Let me but have one ſtroke at Rogues in Power——

Mar. Not a Syllable, or I ſhall believe you are vext, becauſe you cannot be one in your turn.

Bel. Will not this do? why then have at the Parliament——

Mar. Worſe and worſe.

Bel. Nay then, I find no ſubject will pleaſe you but Love, and the tender ſoft Things I have to ſay on that, muſt be whiſper'd.

Free. A pretty New VVay your Ladyſhip has of Rallying truly. You think Flattery too great a Good to be enjoy'd by Men only, and I'll lay my Life if once you aim at it, you will be too hard for us, 'tis ſaid we cannot keep pace with you in Virtue, I am ſure you outſtrip us in Vice, when once you ſet your ſelves to it.

Æm. 'Twere very unhappy a Man of your VVit and Judgment ſhould have a mean Opinion of us.

Free. My VVit and Judgment! very pretty. Take my Advice, never Admire a Man for thoſe Qualifications, which I aſſure you are the greateſt Enemies imaginable to your Sex. VVit and Judgment! why a Man muſt prove he has neither, before you'll allow him to be in Love.

Æm. You harbour ſevere Thoughts of us, and Love.

Free. I ſeldom ſpeak my Thoughts to a Maſk; But for once, to Convince you I have Charitable Thoughts of both, I'll venture to tell you I am in Love.

Æm. I fancy then your Miſtreſs treats you with ſeverity, or requires unreaſonable things of you.

Free. There is nothing ſhe requires I can think ſo.

Æm. If ſhe be unkind, try another; I am confident ſo fine a Gentleman muſt ſucceed.

Free. You are ſo very laviſh in your Praiſes, that I know you expect I ſhou'd proffer you a Bottle of Wine and a cold Chicken.

Æm. My Praiſes at leaſt deſerve a civiller Reply.

Free. Nay if you knew with what indifference I proffer it, you wou'd have more reaſon to affect an angry Tone, for if you ſhou'd comply, I aſſure you my uſage ſhou'd be much Civiller than poſſibly you expect.

Æm.

Æm. Come, this ill Nature is meer affectation in you, you have ſo good an Appearance, I am reſolv'd to eſteem you, ſpite of your indifference.

Free. I am ſorry, Madam, my indifference has not the ſame effect on you, that your forwardneſs has on me. Here *Belmine*, prithee relieve me; I am the dulleſt Fellow at this Common-place Chat.

Mar. You have done very Charitably, Sir, to call to your Friend; Poor Gentleman! he has ran himſelf clear out of Breath by Proteſting his Paſſion for me.

Bel. VVho I, Madam? alas, I have ſaid nothing yet; why Madam, if I do not admire your VVit, your Shape, your Mien, the colour of your Hair, your Fancy in your Dreſs, more than——

Mar. Have a Care what you ſay, Sir; pray let your Simile be ſhort, for I fancy you are ſo very Fickle, that before you have made an end of it, your mind may change.

Æm. VVell, we will give the Gentleman leiſure to reflect till Evening, and perhaps by that time his Friend may be in a better Humour.

Bel. Dear, Kind, Obliging Creature, we will certainly attend ye. (*Exeunt Women.*)

VVhy, what a damn'd unlucky Rogue was I now? that I did not attack her: ſhe ſeems to be half won already, and I'll engage you did not ſay one kind paſſionate thing to her.

Free. Not a Syllable truly.

Bel. And ſhe was very Compliant?

Free. So ſhe ſeem'd.

Bel. VVhy there's it now. Oh Fortune, Fortune! how doſt thou ſhower VVealth upon the Rich?

Free. You have great reaſon to complain of Fortune indeed, becauſe you have not ſucceeded with ſuch as theſe!

Bel. Such as theſe! why, who do you take 'em for, pray?

Free. For VVomen of the Town.

Bel. Women of the Town! why, thou doſt not know where thou art. Women of the Town! why, there are no ſuch things in this Town.

Free. No! then I have found the Reaſon you ſpend ſo little time in your own Country.

Bel. Freelove, not a word more of my Extravagancies, as you tender my Pleaſures; I am not ſo much Reform'd yet, but I have a Mind to enjoy them a little farther, and I cannot do that here, but under the Diſguiſe of a Sober, Diſcreet Perſon.

Free. And ſo you wou'd be thought Virtuous, that you may be the more Conveniently Wicked.

Bel. Even ſo Faith.

Free. A very pious Deſign truly! yet I have known you affect a quite contrary Reputation, and were induſtrious to be thought a very Lewd Fellow; Nay, and I have known ſuch a Character do a Man effectual Service with Women.

Bel. Ay, where Opportunities were eaſily met with; Womens Inclinations are alike in all places, but all Places are not alike. In *London*, tis difficult to be known; here, impoſſible to be conceal'd. Such a Character may do one Service with the Woman, but not with her Relations. There, you may make a thouſand Cuckolds, yet they never hear of your Name: Here, you cannot make one without being Intimate with him; and I'll undertake you ſhall not be three days in Town, but every Body in Town will know you; nay, and know, whence you came, how long you ſtay, what's your Buſineſs, and if you have none, they will feign enough for you; for I could name you ſuch a Sett, ſo Inquiſitive, ſuch Detractors——But hold, yonder comes one will ſpare my pains.

Free. VVho, that Old Fellow?

Bel.

Bel. He's their President: One who never ſpoke Commendably of any Mortal. There are no Degrees of Good with him, only ſome are leſs Bad than others; and indeed he has reaſon to talk, for he has been a Bubble to Man and Woman from his Infancy.

Free. Methinks his ill Nature ſhou'd prevent him from that.

Bel. His ill Nature prevents him from deſigning to oblige any one, but he has ſo good an Opinion of his own Wiſdom, that any one may make an Aſs of him. Scurrility with him, is giving an Impartial Character, and that you may think he ſpeaks Truth, he rails moſt at thoſe of his own temper.

Free. Enough of him; Pray let me avoid being known to him.

Bel. Impoſſible; I'll undertake, tho' we have not been Landed theſe two hours, he has had an account of it already; and comes to Congratulate our Arrival, for he will be tolerably civil to the preſent Company, either out of fear, or deſign to gather ſomething he may rail at.

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. Mr. *Bellmine*, Your humble Servant.

Bel. Your Servant, Mr. *Wormwood*.

Worm. I am glad to ſee you in your own Country again; I heard you were come.

Bel. Freelove, d'ye hear?

Worm. I was told too there is an Engliſh Gentleman, your Friend, accompany'd you hither: I ſuppoſe that may be he. Prithee what may be his Buſineſs? they ſay he is come to——

Bel. What, know his Buſineſs already! Come, I'll preſent you to him, and you may know it from himſelf. Mr. *Freelove* be pleas'd to know this Gentleman, he is a plain Impar-

Impartial Hiſtorian of the Times, and a very proper Acquaintance for a Stranger; for he knows the whole Town, and gives every one their juſt Character.

Worm. VVhy truly, Sir, as this Gentleman ſays, I do ſpeak my Mind; I think no Body can tax me with Flattery.

Free. You ſhou'd bid him have a care of Detraction too.

Bel. You'll ſpoil all, if he hears you (*Apart*) you'll terrify him into good Nature. No, he hates Detraction too; for 'tis not Detraction to ſpeak ill of thoſe who deſerve it.

Worm. You are in the right, Sir, and that I wou'd do, tho it were of a Judge, and I had a Suit depending. I wou'd ſooner looſe my Cauſe, than my honeſt way of Speaking.

Free. I believe you will be more Entertaining to this Gentleman, if you will tell him who are the Beauties of the Town.

Worm. If you will rely on the Ladies Characters of one another, there are none, for they are ſo Envious here (for which you muſt know I hate 'em) that each thinks the Commendation of another is a wrong done to her ſelf, and that you deprive her of that Beauty you approve of in another.

Free. I have heard there were many fine VVomen in this Town.

Worm. It may be ſo; But you who are a young Gentleman, and I ſuppoſe would be acceptable to them, muſt have a care of ſaying ſo.

Free. VVhy ſo?

Worm. Becauſe you muſt make your Court to the preſent, by railing at the abſent.

Free. That is a New VVay indeed.

Worm. An infallible VVay to ſucceed. 'Tis what they practice to one another. I can name you ſome VVomen who vilifie and are viſited by half the Town, are civilly treated, and have no Merit but Impudence and Scurrility. As for Example—— *Bel.*

Bel. Have a care of Names.

Worm. I'll venture at hers. My Lady *Volant*.—

Bel. How, my Lady *Volant*! I never ſaw her, but have heard abundance of her. And is ſhe in Being ſtill? why what a bottomleſs ſink of Malice is her Breaſt, that is not yet exhauſted?

Worm. 'Tis a Corrupted one, and taints every thing comes within it. She hates every Body, yet is the civileſt Perſon in the whole World, when ſhe wou'd dive into your Affairs.

Bel. Or wou'd borrow a Guinea. However ſhe is a good Manager; for her Lodging and Dyet coſt her Nothing; ſhe Bilks one, and Spunges for t'other.

Worm. I ſee you can Rail too.

Bel. Oh ſhe's a publick Peſt. She has done more harm to deſerving young Ladies Reputations, than the Small Pox has to their Faces.

Free. No more of her, I beſeech you. But is there no Body Merits a Good Character?

Worm. You that are a Stranger may think there is. But thoſe who deſerve to be Laugh'd at next, are that Young, Pert, Conceited Fool *Vainly*, who conſtrues every Abuſe a Compliment, and that old Lewd, Fat, Doting *Feignyouth*, who are both bewitch'd by her Ladyſhip.

Bel. How, Sir *Francis Feignyouth*.

Worm. The ſame. He fancies her Virtuous and Rich, tho' ſhe has ſo very little of either, ſhe would renounce her Virtue to borrow a Crown. And becauſe ſhe is reſerv'd to him, he concludes ſhe is ſo to every Body elſe.

Bel. This is Incredible. Is it poſſible he can be ignorant of her Character? he has Friends enough to inform him.

Worm. If you went about to inform him, you wou'd find it a hard Matter to convince him of your Friendſhip; For he

he believes whoever ſpeaks againſt her, has ſome deſign on her himſelf. As for *Vainly*, I think no Body values him enough to adviſe him.

Bel. What if I ſhou'd adviſe Sir *Francis*; he cannot believe I have a deſign on her.

Worm. But he knows you have one on his Daughter *Marina*, and he'll imagine you adviſe out of Intereſt.

Bel. Well, Sir, I thank you for your Information, it may be of uſe to me. Will you pleaſe to Dine with us at the *Globe*; and let us know more of the Affairs of the Town. Come *Freelove*, I ſee your Man yonder, I ſuppoſe he has taken care of our Things; we'll Dine and change our Cloaths, and then take another Turn here.

Free. I ſuppoſe your Deſign is to meet your Masks again;
But have a care, this unknown Face may prove
Of Force, to overcome your former Love.
You wear a brittle and an eaſy Chain,
Who can to other Objects Paſſion Feign.

Bel. No, I can Feign, and yet my Heart defend.

Free. You're loſt if on your own Strength you depend.
The Stratagems and Force of Womens Eyes
Subdue the Strong, Enſnare, and Fool the Wiſe.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. *Scene Continues.*

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. POx on this troubleſome Coxcomb, he follows me again, there is no getting from him. If I abuſe him, he thinks 'tis either Raillery, or like a Friend to tell him of his Faults.

Enter

Enter Vainly.

Vain. I ask your Pardon, Sir, for ſtaying behind you, but I cou'd not help it. You ſaw the Occaſion.

Worm. Not I, Sir, I did not mind it.

Vain. No! why ſome Ladies ſtopt their Coach, and deſired to ſpeak with me.

Worm. It may be ſo.

Vain. Well, certainly there is not ſo true a Friend, nor one ſo fit for a Confident as you are. You'll never ſeem to know any thing of your Friend's ſecrets. I do not believe if you ſaw me in bed with one of thoſe Ladies, you wou'd take any Notice of it; at leaſt, I am ſure you wou'd not ſpeak of it.

Worm. I am ſure if I did, I ſhou'd not be believ'd.

Vain. What!---You think I ſoar higher. No Faith, a Man in this Town muſt ſometimes ſtoop below Title.

Worm. I'll ſay that for thee *Vainly*, thou haſt Aſſurance and Pride enough to aim at an Empreſs.

Vain. I vow your Complements make me bluſh, 'tis true, tho' I have juſt Pride enough to keep the Beſt Company, and Aſſurance to make uſe of an Opportunity.

Worm. Miſtake me not, you have however Humility to diſpenſe with a Kitchin Wench.

Vain. Thou art the moſt agreeable Man upon Earth; you ſay as obliging things to me, as I cou'd to my Miſtreſs. But dear *Wormwood*, doſt thou really think that I can Suit my ſelf ſo handſomly to my Company? am I ſo very obliging, ſo wondrous Civil?

Worm. The Civileſt Perſon alive, for you never contradicted any Man, tho' he abus'd thee, nor ever made any Return to it but Thanks.

Vain. Why cou'd any thing but ſo good a Friend, put the Conſtruction of Civility upon ſuch things, if I were Guilty of them.

Worm. There is no freeing my ſelf from him, but by beating him. *(Aſide)* Look ye, Sir, I ſhall not be ſo wondrous Civil as you are, therefore in ſhort, neither trouble me with your Company, nor with your profeſſions of Friendſhip.

Vain. Why, as you ſay, a profeſſing Friend is to be ſuſpected; we that are ſo Intimate, need not tell each other that we are ſo.

Worm. We Intimate! Leave abuſing me. Doſt think I wou'd be Intimate with thee? for what? for that abundance of Powder in thy Perrewig? or for neatly Twiſting that great Slabbering Bib? or for the nice Rowl of your Stockings? or for your Muff-String and the Buckle?

Vain. Better and better. Why then you do think I dreſs well; I confeſs all the Ladies in Town are of that Opinion.

Worm. Abominable Rogue! *(Apart)* I tell thee thou doſt nothing well; thou art as dull in thy Converſation, as thou art pert in thy Behaviour. You ſet up for Dreſſing, as if you were newly return'd from *Paris*, but do it as awkwardly as one of our Attorneys Clerks, or a young Collegian, who has juſt thrown off his Gown. Thou wou'dſt be thought Brave by that Long Sword, but wou'dſt fly the ſight of a Bodkin. In ſhort, thou art in nothing what thou woud'ſt be thought, but art in every thing what thou ſeem'ſt.

Vain. Well, ſuch a Friend is an ineſtimable Jewel. I now pronounce my ſelf a happy Man in having ſo ſincere a Friend, ſo plain dealing an Acquaintance.

Worm. Again Friend; abuſe me ſo again, and I'll ſpit thee with thy own Sword.

Vain. Why thou haſt as much Modeſty as good Nature.

Worm. Death, I have neither.

Vain.

Vain. Who can deal thus honeſtly by me; and cannot hear your ſelf commended with the Title of my Friend.

Worm. The Title of thy Friend a Commendation! why this is paſt all Sufferance. Look ye, Sir, ſince I cannot perſwade you to underſtand me by Words, I'll try to make you underſtand me by my Sword. Come, Draw Sir. (*Drawing*)

Vain. Draw Sir!

VWorm. Ay, draw Sir, ſo I ſay, no Repetition.

Vain. What a Plague will you Fight a Man, becauſe he calls you his Friend?

VWorm. Friend again! that word has wing'd thy Deſtiny, as the Poets have it. I ſee the Rogue dare not Fight, I may puſh this matter home.

Vain. But Good Mr. *VWormwood.*——

VWorm. Death, Sir, Draw I ſay, I ſhall make you Dance to a New Tune.

Vain. Oh Lard, Sir, is that all! how dull was I that I did not underſtand you! I proteſt, dear Sir, you had reaſon to take it ill, that I ſhou'd be ſo tedious in Gratifying you. I learn'd a New Minuet yeſterday; and tho' the place be not ſo proper, yet to ſhew how earneſt I am to oblige you. La, La, La, La. (*Sings and Dances.*)

VWorm. Nay, then I think I may venture to put up my Sword, and beat Time with my Feet on your Buttocks thus and thus——

Enter Freelove *and* Bellmine.

Free. What, Quarrelling Gentlemen! hold, hold.

Vain. Oh no, Sir, by no means; you do not know Mr. *Wormwood*, he's a facetious Perſon, and had a Mind we ſhou'd practice a New Dance.

Bel. An Antick, I ſuppoſe.

Vain. Right, Sir, 'tis even ſo: if we can but get a Sett, you ſhall ſee what Sport we'll make at the next Ball.

Free. That, I hope, will be difficult.

VVorm. Gentlemen, a word---- I wou'd not have you ſeen in that little thing's Company; you ſee he has no Senſe nor Courage, and it may make the Wiſe and Brave reflect on you.

Free. We thank you for your Caution, Sir.

Vain. Mr. *Bellmine*, you know I always had a value for you; your Friend too ſeems a fine Gentleman, and I ſuppoſe is of your temper; wou'd be acceptable to the Ladies; but nothing can be ſo deſtructive to that, as being ſeen with that old ſnarling ill bred Fellow; hang him, deſpiſe him, leave him.

Bell. Indeed to leave him to himſelf, is the ſureſt way to Plague him, for ill Nature is its own Greateſt Torment.

Vain. You are moſt Ingenious. Dear Mr. *Bellmine*, you and I will be wondrous great. Call your Friend away, and come with me. By your abſence for ſome time, you may be out of Acquaintance. Come, I'll ſhew you every Body. I'll make you acquainted with the whole Town this Afternoon. I have acceſs every where. You know the Ladies were always Fond of me.

Bell. I deſire not to intermeddle between ſuch Ladies and you; therefore pray Excuſe me.

Vain. Extreamly obliging, kind to the laſt Degree; to deny your ſelf ſo great a Pleaſure, for fear of Rivaling me. But I will not ſuffer that ſo much Goodneſs ſhould prejudice you. Come, we are hard by Sir *Francis Feignyouth*'s, I'll carry you thither.

Bell. Are you acquainted there?

Vain. Goodneſs that you ſhou'd not know that! moſt intimately, Sir. Truth is, they wou'd be much fonder of me, but I am often troubled with the Spleen, exceedingly troubled with the Spleen, Mr. *Bellmine*, and they poor Creatures

tures do ſo Sympathize with me, that I never go there but I give it to them.

Bell. Faith thou art enough to give any one the Spleen.

Vain. Oh Good Sir, be not concern'd; I wou'd not for the world infect you; 'tis too much to be ſo nearly concern'd for me: Beſides there is no Danger of having it in your Ingenious Company; and that is the reaſon I go there ſo often to divert it, for Sir *Francis*'s Daughter Mrs. *Marina* has a world of Wit, and her Couſin *Emilia* is nothing ſhort of her, they have both vaſt Senſe, vaſt Senſe they have indeed; and you know you may depend on my Judgment. Then they Write ſo Charmingly.

Bell. Have you any of their Letters?

Vain. Oh Goodneſs, Sir, what a Queſtion is there?

Bell. A Queſtion! why doſt thou dare to ſay it?

Vain. Not a word you ſay, but gives me a proof how infinitly you value me. No 'tis baſe to boaſt of a Ladies Favour, that is the truth on't. I take your Caution extream kindly Mr. *Bellmine.*

Bell. Death and Hell dare not to think it, not to hope it, nay, not to wiſh it.

Vain. Oh Enough, enough, a Word to the Wiſe; I will be more diſcreet for the future.

Bell. Diſcreet! Inſolent Wretch---- Death, thou deſerveſt to be beaten.

Free. Bellmine ſo loud! Doſt thou not know that next to the Diſgrace of being Beaten, is that, of Beating thoſe we know will bear it.

Bell. For thee even to name the Woman I admire, is almoſt enough to leſſen my Good Opinion of her, did I not know you both.

Free. Away, mind him not.

Vain.

Vain. Od's my Life, is one of them his Miſtreſs? I thought there was ſomething extraordinary it makes him ſo Cholerick; he is Jealous and takes me for his Rival; nothing leſs cou'd make him angry with me; But we that are admir'd by the Women, muſt expect to be envied by the Men. Pox take 'em, I cou'd bear their Envy, but I don't relliſh this Quarrelling and Striking, and Hurting and Fighting, and Wounding and Dying, and the Devil and all. Where is the ſenſe of it? I am ſure every Body is ſo fond of me, that if they did but know how little I care for ſuch things, there is not one wou'd offer it to me, not one, I'm confident: Leaſt theſe Strangers ſhou'd miſtake my humour, I'll march off; and there is a rare Opportunity, a Hackney Coach coming this way with two Masks; I'll pretend they call'd me. Heigh! you Raſcal! Coach-man, don't you hear the Ladies cry hold? Dear Gentlemen, you ſee the Reaſon of my leaving you, there are ſome Ladies in the Coach call me; therefore I hope you will pardon the abrupt Departure of your moſt obedient faithful Servant. [*Exit.*

VVorm. There's a Dog now, there's a Rogue. Why, wou'd you prevent my Drubbing him? I wou'd have kick't him into Jelly.

Free. If you had perſever'd, you had quickly made his feeling as dull as his underſtanding.

VVorm. I attack'd his moſt ſenſible part.

Free. And yet I have known ſome as Contemptible as he, boaſt of their ſucceſs in Intreagues; nay, and boaſt with truth too, tho' one ſhou'd imagine that Vice alone ſhou'd deſtroy their future Succeſs; ſince it is as imprudent in Women to put it in ſuch Mens power to boaſt, as it is in the Men baſe to be Guilty of it.

Bell. There is none ſo Deſpicable, but have ſome Quality to recommend them to ſome Body. Nay, it oft happens that a Man is admir'd by ſome, for that very Quality, for which

others

others deſpiſe him: And *Vainly* has one Qualification will make many Men, and moſt Women value him.

Free. What is that?

Bell. A Good Eſtate.

Free. Thoſe who want one, and imagine it to be a much greater Bleſſing than it is found to be by you, or any who poſſeſs it.

VVorm. For my Part, I cannot help fretting that ſuch dull Rogues as that, ſhou'd have one. 'Tis a Gift of Fortune, as much miſſapply'd, as to confer ſwiftneſs on the Blind; for he can make no uſe of it; and that is all my Comfort. He Squanders it all away in Sword, Knots, Perrewigs, Eſſence, Powder, and ſuch material Things.

Free. Oh Sir, Let every Man diſpoſe of his Money as he pleaſes, ſo he is inoffenſive to others. We have all different Appetites; his ſatisfaction lies in Gay Cloaths, your pleaſure lies in not being pleas'd. One Man loves Drinking, another Intreagueing, *Bellmine* both; being a Man of an univerſal Genius.

Bell. Your Servant, Good Sir, you needed not have Travell'd ſo far for an Example. But yonder, I think, comes my old Dad that muſt be, who will exceed both you and I in thoſe.

VVorm. Yes, yes, 'tis all about the Town already that you are to marry his Daughter. But let me adviſe you one thing, Break off the Match between Sir *Francis* and my Lady *Volant*, or you will have but a ſlender Fortune with your Spouſe.

Bell. But can it be poſſible that thou ſhould'ſt give this Advice, purely out of good Nature?

Worm. No, I do not; mind it not; 'twill Gratifie my ill Nature, that thou ſhou'dſt not follow good Counſel. Forward the Match, and then Marry the Daughter for pure Love. But if I were you, I wou'd chuſe to Marry his Niece *Æmilia*, that I might be ſure not to have a Groat with her.

Free.

Free. And is not ſhe a Fortune without Money?

Worm. Ha! ha! ha! the Man's mad. Why, what the Devil is Fortune but Money, or what is Woman or Honour or any thing elſe without it?

Free. Has ſhe not Virtue, Senſe, and Beauty?

VVorm. The Woman is not ugly, that's the Truth on't. But where haſt thou been Educated? where haſt thou ſpent thy time? what haſt thou convers't with? Nothing but old Fables and Romances, with your *Lucretia*'s and *Sempronia*'s, with your *Caſſandra*'s and *Clelia*'s, and ſuch ſtuff. In this Age talk of Virtue and Senſe! why I tell thee——

Bell. Wormwood have a care, he's the Sex's Knight Errant.

VVorm. Is he? why then let him ſuffer as much as any of thoſe fancy'd ones to get his Miſtreſs, (and ſhe prove to be a VVhore) (*Aſide*) but if you will not give me leave to vent plain truths, I'll go think 'em. [*Exit.*

Free. I am much miſtaken if this Fellow wou'd not ſtand Kick and Cuff as heroically as t'other.

Bell. Altogether as rank a Poltroon; they only differ in the manner, not in the thing. But here is one will pleaſe us better,

Enter Sir Francis Feignyouth.

Sir *Fr.* Mr. *Bellmine*, how I rejoyce to ſee you again in *Ireland*! Well, and what price bear Wine and Women now in *London*? hah! does the *Mall* ſwarm with Masks, and is *French* VVine admitted yet?

Bell. Before we talk of ſuch weighty Affairs, let me deſire you wou'd know my Friend here. (*Salute.*)

Sir *Fr.* Mr. *Bellmine*, Sir, has given you a Character will introduce you into the good opinion of all this Town.

Free. If it can purchaſe me yours, 'twill be the greateſt Service it can ever do me.

Sir

Sir *Fr.* Oh Sir, your own Merit will always give you an abſolute ſway over, Sir, your moſt faithful humble Servant.

Free. My Merit, Sir, will make but a ſlender Figure in the preſence of ſo accompliſh'd a Perſon as Sir *Francis Feignyouth.*

Sir *Fr.* I proteſt, Sir, you make me bluſh---- Nay no more I beſeech you, my modeſty will not ſuffer you to proceed. (an exceeding well-bred ingenious Perſon!) (*Apart*)

Bell. So, he has won his heart already. (*Apart*)

Sir *Fr.* Mr. *Bellmine*, no one has a better taſte of Man than you. You have done your Country Service by bringing ſo fine a Gentleman to it. May I crave your Name, Sir?

Free. Freelove, at your Service, Sir.

Sir *Fr.* I have known ſeveral of that Name in *England*, fine Gentlemen all. VVell, Sir, for your comfort, you will find VVomen here that are not Deſpicable; I know 'tis the greateſt Commendation of any place to you young Gentlemen; But then Opportunities are ſcarce, there's no getting at 'em.

Bell. I hope that is no Fault to you who have a Family, Sir *Francis*?

Sir *Fr.* No, no, I ſpeak in reference to you Gentlemen; I am paſt ſuch things my ſelf.

Free. Paſt it, Sir! a Man of your Make, your Health and Sanguine Conſtitution, paſt it! no Sir, you are as Vigorous as ever.

Sir *Fr.* Think you ſo, Mr. *Freelove?* Do I ſeem very Strong, very Sanguine, very Vigorous? hah!

Free. As Five and Twenty, Sir.

Sir *Fr.* You Flatter me; I ſhou'd find it hard to perſwade the VVomen to that Belief.

Free. No VVoman that has Eyes in her Head will doubt it; if ſhe does, you can convince her another way.

Sir *Fr.* Ods me, I'll go ſee my Miſtreſs incontinently: I am not ſo decay'd as I thought. VVell, Mr. *Freelove*, I am much oblig'd to you for your Complements; if you will meet me at the Coffee-Houſe this Evening, I'll carry you to ſee my Miſtreſs, to receive your Sentiments of her. I have a great Relyance on your Judgment; ſo much, that ſince you think me fit for it, I am reſolv'd to be Marry'd to Morrow.

Bell. How Sir! to be Marry'd;

Sir *Fr.* Ay, to be Marry'd, Sir, what have you to ſay againſt that Holy State? you will not declaim againſt Marriage before me, I hope?

Bell. By no means, Sir, ſince I admire your Daughter, you may be ſure it is that I covet.

Sir *Fr.* Do you ſo, then why do you not Marry, if you like one another?

Bell. I can promiſe for my ſelf, and I hope there is no Averſion on her ſide. But there is ſomething elſe to be Conſidered.

Sir *Fr.* VVhat than Love! Do you pretend to Love, and Conſider any thing elſe but Love? Conſider! piſh, that word agrees as ill with Love, as with one of thy age. VVhy, when I was a young Fellow, I never conſider'd any thing but how to get a Miſtreſs, and then how to get rid of her.

Bell. But you know, Sir *Francis*, in Matrimonial Caſes, we are to conſider how to maintain Children, and Houſe-keeping, and a VVife will expect a Coach, and a fine Equipage, and Gay Cloaths, and——

Sir *Fr.* And the Devil and all, I know it Sir, I know it.

Bell. Now Sir, tho' I have a tolerable Eſtate, yet the better to ſupport your Daughter's Grandeur——

Sir *Fr.* You wou'd have me ſtarve my ſelf.

Bell. No, no, I ſhall be very Moderate.

Sir *Fr.* Phoo, truſt to my Fatherly Love Boy, truſt to that. If not, yonder ſhe goes; look upon her, and Conſider if you can.

Bell. Is that ſhe Sir? *Freelove*, the very Two we have been talking with this Morning! what a couple of Dull Rogues were we? (*Aſide.*)

Sir *Fr.* Is that ſhe? you a Lover, and can't diſtinguiſh your Miſtreſs in a Mask! Yes, 'tis ſhe, and my fine Niece *Æmilia*. Talk of Portions! Look on 'em I ſay; there's a Motion, there's an Air, there's an Air: See, ſee, how firm they tread, hah? and then ſee their Hips, how they jut, how they rowl. Go, get ye gone, ye lazy Fellows, get ye gone. Ods me, don't ſtand ſtaring after them, but follow them, and try how our Ladies can talk. Go, get ye gone. [*Exit* Bell.

Free. Well Sir, I'll meet you at the Coffee-Houſe. [*Exit.* Free.

Sir *Fr.* Very well, away, away.

Theſe young Fellows now adays are perfectly of the VVomens temper, muſt be forc'd to do what they Languiſh for, or they keep themſelves ſo low, they muſt take time to be rais'd; I believe I am briſker than any of them——How the Jades have fir'd me. VVou'd I cou'd meet with any thing that were not my own Fleſh and Blood now——Any thing tho' ſhe were in a Stuff Riding-hood.

VVe that have Vigour, and our Stomachs keen,
Can eat of any Diſh, that's ſound and clean. [*Exit.*

Enter Marina *followed by* Bellmine.

Bell. Now am I reſolv'd, for once, to give her a ſmall proof of my unſhaken Fidelity.

Mar. Now cannot I find in my heart to diſcover my ſelf, tho' I long he ſhou'd know me. I ſee, to Deceive is a greater Pleaſure to our Sex, than to Love.

Bell. I perceive you are a VVoman of Honour, by being ſo punctual to your aſſignation, but I am ſorry ſo much Kindneſs as well as Juſtice, is thrown away on a Man, who is not inclinable to make uſe of either.

Mar. So indifferent, Sir! you talk't in another ſtrain this Morning.

Bell. Then I had ſome Reaſons.

Mar. Why do you not ſtill?

Bell. The Cauſe is remov'd.

Mar. VVhat was that?

Bell. To give my Friend an Opportunity to talk to yours.

Mar. VVhy do you follow me now?

Bell. To contradict what I then ſaid.

Mar. Truly, Sir, 'tis a very needleſs Trouble you give your ſelf, for be aſſur'd, I as little valu'd, as I credited what you ſaid.

Bell. You ſee however, I am a Man of Conſcience, and cou'd not reſt ſatisfied, till I endeavour'd to convince you——

Mar. How little you value me.

Bell. That I value you——as much as a prudent Man ought to do a Mask. But that the Fates have otherwiſe diſpos'd of my Heart.

Mar. Oh Ridiculous! is the Creature in Love!

Bell. Ridiculous:

Mar. Do not you know that every particular VVoman deſpiſes a Man for Loving any thing but her dear Self? and will you be contemn'd by the whole Sex, to be eſteem'd by one?

Bell. I very well know, Madam, Love is a Paſſion deſpis'd by all over whom it has not a preſent Sway; not only by thoſe who never yet Lov'd, but even by thoſe who have Lov'd. But I never make other Men's ſentiments a ſtandard for my Pleaſures.

Mar.

Mar. And will you be laugh'd at by your own Sex, and deſpis'd by ours? and all perhaps for one who Loves ſome body elſe; Nay, 'tis very likely for one of ſo little VVit, that you will be laugh'd at more for your choice than paſſion.

Bell. Nothing can juſtify the Exceſs of my Paſſion, but the Excellence of the Object.

Mar. I have known ſome doat even on Deformity, and ſay the ſame thing; have fancy'd Beauties where there was nothing but Faults. But for my part, I ſhou'd think it a ſcurvy Complement to have my Lover ſay, his Paſſion and my Beauties, were owing to his Fancy.

Bell. And yet the moſt perfect owe their Conqueſts to that, or we ſhou'd all Love the ſame Perſon.

Mar. I doubt not but your Fancy is unrivall'd. Some Nauceous thing.

Bell. I tell thee perverſe Woman, ſhe is the moſt excellent of her kind; ſhe is beyond my deſcription, not only beyond your belief, but imagination.

Mar. Fulſom.

Bell. Thou doſt almoſt provoke me to treat thee roughly; but that I perceive ſomething in thy Air and Shape, not much different from hers, and for which I honour you.

Mar. Alas poor Diſſembler! I thought I ſhou'd Diſcover whence this uncommon Fidelity of yours proceeded. You very well knew to whom you profeſs'd it, and to whom you addreſs'd theſe Commendations. I do not doubt but the old Gentleman I ſaw you talk to, diſcover'd to you, who your humble Servant was. *(Unmasks.)*

Bell. Bleſs me, Madam, is it you!
How cou'd you have the Conſcience to tempt Humane Frailty thus? and wou'd you have blam'd me, if I had been falſe to you, when tempted by you?

Mar. As if you did not know me!

Bell.

Bel. Know you 't impoſſible. Come, indeed I ſhou'd chide you, as well for trying my Faith, as for concealing your ſelf ſo long, when you know the Buſineſs of my coming here was to ſee you, and the Buſineſs of my Life to ſerve you. When I am ſenſible of no pleaſure without you, and have no wiſh beyound you.

Mar. Hold, hold, or I ſhall believe you imagine I have my Mask on ſtill; when nothing will paſs for good Senſe that is not ſtrain'd beyond it; nor for a Complement under Profaneneſs; nor for Love that is not ridiculouſly affected.

Bell. You muſt allow a little heat at firſt ſight, after ſo tedious an Abſence.

Mar. That ſhall not excuſe you, if I find you knew me, for I cannot endure to be undermin'd.

Bell. What will convince you that I did not? ſhall I have recourſe to Swearing? and ——

Mar. And Diſſembling. No, thoſe are too oft practis'd to gain Credit with me. But come, I'll refer it to your Friend that is walking before us; I hear he's a Man of Sincerity: And if you have fool'd me, by talking thus, when you all the time knew me, expect nothing but Frowns from me theſe three Days. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Æmilia *follow'd by* Freelove.

Free. I will ſtill pretend I know her not, that I may ſee how ſhe will reſent my Paſſion for another. (*Speaks entring Aſide*) Believe me, Madam, when I proteſt it was an affected, and own it was a brutal Entertainment you receiv'd from me this Morning. But I come now full of Repentance, and full of Hopes you entertain the ſame favourable Thoughts of me, you then ſeem'd to have.

Æm.

Æm. There has no alteration happen'd in my Mind ſince, but there ſeems to be in yours.

Free. A Reflection on your Goodneſs, Wit, Shape, and Air, was able to ſoften a heart more hard than mine; But a ſecond View and farther Proofs, have confirm'd it to you.

Æm. Shou'd he ſay this and not know me? I'm loſt. *(Aſide)* A bad Face (as perhaps mine is) will ſoon loſe my Conqueſt.

Free. It muſt be bad indeed, if ſo many other Charms cannot attone for it. Be what it will, I admire it.

Æm. You prove your Generoſity in giving your heart to a Stranger, but that makes me doubt your Conſtancy; a Virtue in a Lover, which every Woman has the Vanity to expect, tho' ſo few deſerve it.

Free. You want no aſſurances of my future Conſtancy, if you believe I now Love you; for no one ever Lov'd, who did not conclude he ſhou'd always Love the ſame.

Æm. I muſt conclude you very Raſh and Imprudent, to profeſs ſuch Love to you know not whom.

Free. The more I ſhew my Imprudence, the fiercer I prove my flame; truſt me, it is a Dull and Languid Paſſion, which can be check'd by any Conſideration. Shall I, to be thought prudent by a World, where ſome will hate me for being ſo, and the reſt do me no good, debar my ſelf of real Pleaſures? No, no, Prudence muſt ſubmit to pleaſure, with me.

Æm. What! have you no regard to Reputation?

Free. As much as any Man. But whatever we pretend 'tis pleaſure rules us. We do not this, nor forbear that, for the real good of the thing, but that it pleaſes us. The VVoman that is Chaſt, is not ſo for the ſake of that Virtue, but the Fame of being ſo, delights her more, than the Joys ſhe receives by being otherwiſe. When any Woman refuſes what I requeſt, and Love prompts, I conclude, 'tis becauſe ſhe values

ſome-

ſomething more than Love and me; and ſhe who ſuffers any thing to come in Competition with her Love, Loves not.

Æm. You have given me great Advantage over you; for ſince I have not profeſs'd a Paſſion for you, I am not oblig'd to any of theſe Extravagancies, but you are.

Free. I own it. There is nothing I will refuſe, that Love and you require.

Æm. And you profeſs this mighty Paſſion to me only?

Free. Witneſs it Heaven and Earth, to you only.

Æm. Ungrateful Fickle Man! Look here, behold this Face, and be as much confounded to behold who 'tis, as grieved 'tis not a Stranger to your Baſeneſs.—— Oh that Submiſſion well becomes thee now, but doſt thou think I am that tame forgiving Fool, a Bow can Reconcile me to thee, make me forget thy inconſiderate Raſh Temper? when e're I do, I ſhall forget thee too; remembring one, I ſhall remember both, and both deſpiſe.

Free. 'Tis as I wiſh'd.

Æm. What's as you wiſh'd? that I have found thee falſe; art thou come here only to publiſh it? 'tis well thou canſt not publiſh too, that I ever made thee a Return to thy feign'd Paſſion; that wou'd indeed encreaſe thy Pride.

Free. You never have till now.

Æm. Till now! unheard of Impudence! what! when I tell how I diſdain a Vice, muſt you miſconſtrue it for Love?

Free. Yet, am I pleas'd, o'rejoy'd at all this Wrath, which ſhews your Jealouſy; the greateſt ſign I e're cou'd yet receive, that I am not indifferent to you; to have this proof it was, that I diſguis'd my knowledge who you were.

Æm. Oh Hypocrite! Artful Diſſembler! how quick to catch at an Excuſe! this ſhews thy Cunning, not thy Innocence, while I ſuppos'd thee Honeſt, 'twas eaſy to delude me, and gain a Credit in every thing. Now thou art known,

I doubt each word, Even known Truths utter'd by thee, wou'd be ſuſpected.

Free. Do not Perſiſt in this; why will you daſh my riſing Joy, my firſt and only hour of Bliſs? I ſought to know if you valu'd me enough to be Jealous, and wou'd be happy in the ſearch, cou'd I now remove your Doubts——for I Love——

Em. No doubt, you Love; Love every thing you meet; and therefore 'tis I'll none of it. Therefore I'll leave you to gratify your Roving Humour. Run, Fawn, Careſs each Common Thing you meet; give them thy heart, a preſent only fit for ſuch; try which can affect a Paſſion moſt, and which can firſt Deceive. While ſuch as I, look with diſdain on thee, and pity upon them. [*Exit.*

Free. Oh Confuſion! what have I done? ſearching to diſcover her Love, my only Happineſs, I have forfeited it. Curſe on my impertinent Curioſity. (*Enter* Bellmine.) Curſe on my dull Deſigns! my Concern too hindred my telling her, her Uncle cou'd witneſs I knew her. Before ſhe's undeceiv'd, ſhe may take ſome reſolution for ever Fatal to my Love and Quiet. Nay, I have given her a Moments diſquiet, were I an Age upon a Rack, 'twere but a poor Attonement. Oh, I cou'd tear this prating Tongue out by the Roots, beat out theſe ſtupid Brains, and only ſpare my heart, becauſe 'tis hers.

Bell. What's the meaning of all this? here's ſome Miſchief towards. I met your Miſtreſs frowning, and find you ranting. What Quarrel already! this Matrimony runs ſo in your head, it has quite ſpoil'd your Humour; ſtay till the Comfortable indiſſolvable Knot is ty'd, and then I ſhan't wonder. You Jarr like Man and Wife already.

Free. Oh *Bellmine!* I have done the moſt imprudent thing——You need not wonder at my Rage, ſince you beheld her frowns. I am the Ridiculous Cauſe of Both. I muſt be making Experiments.

Bell. Why, I have been about ſome ſuch matter too; which had like to have happen'd ill. But thanks to a little decent Aſſurance, and ſome few neceſſary Oaths, all's well again. My fair Lady having no great reaſon to think me the moſt conſtant of Lovers, I was reſolv'd to let her ſee, I was not to be tempted, and pretended not to know her.

Free. Did you leave her in that Opinion?

Bell. Or I wou'd ne're have left her. I were a hopeful Fellow indeed; and had improv'd my Time well in the world, if I cou'd not perſwade and ſwear my Miſtreſs to any Opinion.

Free. You ſwore it too, you did not know her?

Bell. Swore it! ay luſtily: what doſt think, I wou'd ſcruple an Oath to put a Lady in a good Humour?

Free. What unlucky Stars were they which brought us together, and what an unnatural Conjunction; that ever I ſhould enter into ſtrict Friendſhip with one who is my perfect Reverſe:

Bell. What art thou mad?

Free. I Dreaded I had ruin'd my ſelf, and you have Conſcientiouſly by your Genteel Qualities of Lying and Swearing confirm'd it. I am undone, if *Æmilia* believes I did not know her, and *Marina* will confirm her in that belief, thanks to your Induſtry and Conſcience.

Bell. Piſh is that all? why, I'll forſwear it again, Man, to do you Service.

Free. If you cou'd but prevail with your ſelf to ſpeak truth, there wou'd be no occaſion for this Complaiſance.

Bell. Speak truth to a Woman! why you ſee what comes of it. I tell thee the Sex bear ſuch a Deteſtation to it, that no man ever ſucceeded with them that practis'd it. But come, Sir *Francis Feignyouth* expects us by this time to carry us a viſiting; I have a mind to ſee whither her Ladyſhip be improv'd in Scandal, what new Reputations ſhe has ſacrific'd to her Malice.

Free.

Free. I am in no humour to be delighted with ſuch things.

Bell. I never knew any Man ſo eaſily dejected in Love Affairs. I have already adviſ'd you always to diſſemble in Relation to Women. I will give you one Caution more, in relation to all matters as well as to that.

Ne're let your mind be with Deſpair o'recaſt,
But always hope, you will Succeed at laſt.
'Tis better far to hope, altho' thoſe hopes deceive,
Than to deſpair of Bliſs, and yet the Bliſs receive.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. *Scene Lady* Volant's.

Enter Timothy *and Lady* Volant.

Tim. DOn't you think, Madam, that I'll bear this Life any longer, I will not endure to be us'd thus; nor muſt you think to talk to me at this Rate.

Lady *Vol.* Not ſuffer me to talk! you ſawcy Fellow; do you know who I am?

Tim. A very needleſs Queſtion to be put to me by my Lady *Volant*, conſidering the Familiarities that have paſt between us; your Pride, your Malice, your Inquiſitiveneſs, your Detraction, are known to all the Town; and your Ladyſhips Chaſtity and Wealth in a more particular manner to your pretended Steward, *Timothy Tellpenny.*

Lady *Vol.* And do you upbraid me for having theſe Qualities ſo agreeable to your ſelf; and for the want of thoſe you have ruin'd? Did I take you up half Starv'd, and in Rags, Fed you like an Epicure, and Cloath'd you like a Gentleman, till you are as overgrown in Bulk, as with Pride? maintain'd you ſo well, made you live in ſo much Plenty and Eaſe, that

there is as great an alteration in your Perſon as Circumſtances; ſo great, that you neither are known by others nor by you ſelf: And is this the Reward I have?

Tim. No, you have been rewarded to the full, my Good Lady. That you nouriſh'd my Perſon, was for your own ſake; if I had not been of more than Herculean ſtrength, you had reduc'd me to a Shadow e're this, to aſhes. And has not the Credit of my being your Steward gain'd you ſo much? Have not I manag'd and ſpar'd prudently, and borrow'd for you profuſely? Have not I by my Art impos'd you on the Town for a great Fortune, when you know you were never able to give me a Guinea, that I did not firſt borrow for you?

Lady *Vol.* But who muſt pay thoſe Debts?

Tim. Who? my Wit muſt; your Jointure never will. Have not I wrought Sir *Francis Feignyouth* to Love you? Have not I perſwaded him to a Belief, that your ill Nature is Wit, and that your Pride is Virtue; that the decay of your Perſon proceeds from a neglect of your ſelf, and not from Age; tho' you know you are equally induſtrious to be thought handſome your ſelf, as that no body elſe may be thought ſo. And have not I made your Poverty paſs upon him for good Management? and leaſt we ſhou'd be diſappointed of him, have I not us'd the ſame Arts to *Vainly*?

Lady *Vol.* You have taken Pains to get me a Husband, that I muſt own.

Tim. As much as ever a young ſanguine Wife did, to get an Heir to a Rich feeble Husband; gone to as many places, and try'd as many Men.

Lady *Vol.* But to what purpoſe have you ſucceeded yet?

Tim. Ay, to be ſure 'tis the Man is always blameable. I had ſucceeded long ſince, if you wou'd be pleas'd to govern that unruly Member, your Tongue; which is ever employ'd in Flatter-

Flattering the preſent, and Railing at the abſent, ſo diſoblige both, for ſo you do but rail, you no more conſider to whom, than of whom you ſpeak.

Lady *Vol.* Nay, Good *Tim*, I relent, thy words pierce my heart.

Tim. You will exclaim againſt a ſtanding Army before a broken Officer, and praiſe one before a politick Senator; you are never of the ſame Religion with thoſe you are in Company with, but change it with every Viſitor: A Fanatick before Papiſts, and with Fanaticks for *Jure divino*; you commend *Ireland* when out of it, and abominate it now you are here; you condemn Plays before Poets, and adore Sermons before Atheiſts; you rail at Ladies before their Lovers, and at Husbands before their Wives; but that I think is not much minded, you have not got many Enemies by that.

Lady *Vol.* I beſeech you, do not treat me thus.

Tim. Is there one Perſon in Town you have not vilified? and to make the Scandal bring more certain Ruin with it, have you not aſpers'd other people with your own actions? Do I not know all your Faults, and have not I carefully conceal'd all for above theſe three years, that I have known you?

Lady *Vol.* Thou haſt, I own it, I was to blame to deny thee.

Tim. And after all I have done, and all I expect to do, refuſe me a Guinea, and when I carry'd the Plate to pawn too.

Lady *Vol.* There, there's a couple for you, tho' you know dear *Tim*, how very few more I have left.

Tim. Pretty Rogues! Comfortable Rogues! how they mollify me! how they ſmile on me! you know Madam, is to carry on your Projects, alas, what occaſion ſhou'd I have for Money, but to do you Service! what have I almoſt forgot! Mr. *Bellmine*, who they ſay is to Marry Sir *Francis*'s Daughter, is Landed this Morning; now you muſt uſe all your Art to delay this Marriage, till your own

be

be perfected, and till you have got the Knights Money in your own hands; for Mr. *Bellmine*, having a good Eſtate, will require a great Portion, which will diſable Sir *Francis* from paying your Debts, and ſpoil our Projects on him, for his Eſtate being Entail'd, he cannot raiſe much, and the moment he is Married, I will arreſt him for Four or Five thouſand Pounds you muſt pretend to owe me.

Lady *Vol.* Four or Five thouſand! Ten or Twelve.

Tim. Ever inſatiable. No, no, ſuch a Debt and the Bondage of Matrimony together, will break his heart.

Lady *Vol.* Well, I leave all to your Management.

Tim. Is not that a Coach ſtopt? 'tis ſome viſitor, I will uſher them up. (*Exit.*)

Lady *Vol.* How inſolent the Rogue is grown! Thus we are ever us'd by ſuch Fellows, when we put our ſelves in their Power; and we never treat them better than they deſerve, but they treat us as we deſerve; I am glad however he knows not my Grand Secret; that wou'd make him Ten times more ſawcy. I have conceal'd it above theſe five years, not only from him, but from the whole Town, and with much ado, heaven knows, conſidering how much depends on it, the place, and my Female Frailties, for I have obſerv'd that Secrets of the greateſt Conſequence, are preſerv'd with the greateſt pain. That we cou'd but keep a Secret with as much eaſe, as we can diſſemble! but the Reaſon's plain, the one gives us trouble, the other pleaſure, as for Example. (*Enter* Vainly.) Mr. *Vainly*, your moſt humble Servant.

Vain. Your moſt Obedient Vaſſal, Dear Madam.

Lady *Vol.* Your Company, Mr. *Vainly*, is ſo coveted by every one, that it is impoſſible you ſhou'd make any particular perſon happy with it, often or long. You are grown a Stranger here.

Vain. I proteſt Madam, ever ſince I was here laſt night, I have been ſo tormented with the Spleen.

Lady

Lady *Vol.* Alas Sir, that is a cruel Diſtemper truly. But it is a Fine you muſt pay for Wit. You Wits are all ſubject to that.

Vain. We are ſo indeed, Madam, and really I believe I have it to a more violent degree than any one. I ſwear Madam, it has ſuch an effect on me ſometimes, that I do not put above half a pound of Powder in my Perriwig for a whole day, and Diſcompoſes my Face ſo violently, that I cannot bear even the ſight of a Looking-Glaſs, and I hurry abroad without the Garniture of a Patch, or a Sword-knot.

Lady *Vol.* Is't poſſible! nay, if it makes you neglect your ſelf, your Friends muſt expect to be ſery'd ſo too.

Vain. Every thing is diſagreeable to me then, but your Ladyſhip. That I think was Nice. (*Aſide.*)

Lady *Vol.* Oh Lard, Sir!

Vain. Nay, I ſwear 'tis truth. Alas Madam, 'tis ſcarce a Complement in this dull Town.

Lady *Vol.* Do you think it ſo too, Mr. *Vainly*?

Vain. Oh Madam, I cannot bear it.

Lady *Vol.* Nay ſolemnly, Sir, it was a great while before I cou'd; it agreed as ill with my Conſtitution, as it doth with my Inclinations; but, thank my Stars, I have done tolerably well, ſince my being *Naturaliz'd*. How fortunate am I to have my Opinion ſtrengthen'd by one of your Judgment! 'tis a horrid place, and I vow (as you ſay Mr. *Vainly*) I do not ſee a pretty Woman in it.

Vain. Not one but your Ladyſhip; nor is there an agreeable Man here.

Lady *Vol.* Only Mr. *Vainly*. The Women are ſo affected.

Vain. And the Men ſo Proud.

Lady *Vol.* So Cenſorious ——

Vain. And ſo ſelfiſh —— and when a parcel of 'em are met together, ſo talkative.

Lady

Lady *Vol.* They make as much Noiſe as a Crowd of Apprentices at a Bonfire.

Vain. But now we talk of ſuch People; Mr. *Bellmine* is Landed this Morning, who is to Marry Mrs. *Marina*; and with him there is come a Gentleman who has the ſame deſign on *Æmilia*.

Lady *Vol.* No doubt they'll ſucceed; ſince one is as little admir'd for her Wit and Beauty, as the other is for her Fortune.

Vain. Ha, ha, ha, Your Ladyſhip has the neateſt VVay of Railery. I have had ſome Encouragements there; and I do not doubt but Mr. *Freelove* (for that's his Name) will deſiſt as I did, when ſhe hears he is a Beggar, and when he has ſeen your Ladyſhip.

Lady *Vol.* You are ſo obliging---- But pray what ſort of a Man is he? he muſt needs be an extraordinary Perſon who has ſo particular a Fancy.

Vain. He was very fond of me, till he began to ſuſpect me for his Rival, ſo was *Bellmine* too. The beſt I know of him is, he is juſt come from dear *England*, and has been lately in much dearer *France*. The worſt I know of him, or indeed can know is, that tho' he wears fine Cloaths, he has no more Money than his Miſtreſs.

Lady *Vol.* Oh hideous!

Vain. The beſt Jeſt is (for all the Town know it already) tho' they are acquainted with each other's Condition, they are in Love with each other, and are reſolv'd to Marry.

Lady *Vol.* And Starve. Oh Matrimony and Poverty join'd, are Comfortable Things! Sure his Head is as empty as his Pocket.

Vain. That I ſuppoſe, you will ſoon be convinc'd of; for I ſaw him with Sir *Francis Feignyouth*, who I do not Queſtion will bring him here this Evening.

Lady *Vol.* Alas, Mr. *Vainly*, you know I cannot be ſo rude to refuſe a Viſit, or I wou'd never ſuffer that Ridiculous Fellow to come within my Doors; but Civility often conſtrains us to do what we hate.——I think I hear ſome Body coming——You'll pardon me if I retire, it wou'd not bear the appearance of Decency to be found Entertaining you alone; I aſſure you my Woman wou'd not behave her ſelf thus, were any other here but you. You'll Excuſe me Sir——

Vain. Oh Dear Madam, this Confidence in me, is the greateſt Honour that can be conferr'd on, Madam, your moſt Obedient Servant. [*Exit Lady* Volant. She is fond of me to a violent Degree, that's plain; the next time I come, I will propoſe Marriage to her; I fear no Rival, eſpecially that Old Fopp.

Enter Sir Fra. Feignyouth, Freelove *and* Bellmine.

Sir *Fr.* Come Gentlemen, come, you ſhall ſee now, if I han't made a Good Choice, you ſhall.——Ha! how; what! *Vainly* here! Pray Sir, if I may be ſo bold, what is your Buſineſs here?

Vain. My Buſineſs, Sir!

Sir *Fr.* Ay Sir, your Buſineſs, Sir; I think I ſpeak very plain, Sir?

Vain. Oh Dear Sir *Francis*! Plain Dealing is a Jewel, you cannot oblige me more, than to deal plainly and freely by me. I take it for a ſignal proof of your Kindneſs.

Sir *Fr.* Here's a ſhifting young Rogue; who wou'd have thought it had ſo much Cunning. But anſwer me to the purpoſe, or I ſhall try how you can evade a Paſs of this. What is your Buſineſs here?

Vain. The Buſineſs of all the World, Sir; to wait on my Lady *Volant*.

Sir *Fr.* Is it ſo? And have you ſeen her?

Vain. Have I ſeen her! Oh Goodneſs, what a Queſtion there is? Pray Sir, do my Viſits uſe to be refus'd, Sir?

Sir *Fr.* There are indeed ſome Ladies, who treat all Men alike, the Impertinent with the ſame Regard they do the Man of Senſe, the Little, Fidling, Prating Fop like the Man of Honour and Diſcretion; But my Lady *Volant* is no ſuch, ſhe can diſtinguiſh, ſhe can Sir——

Vain. Ay, I know it Sir, I know it; and you will find ſo in a little time.

Sir *Fr.* Why ye Little, Young Pert, Prating, Fidling Boaſter, do you hope to Succeed, where I have Pretenſions? Don't you know that I can Fight? ha——

Free. Not with this Gentleman I hope, Sir *Francis*. Methinks you miſtake the right uſe of him; he is properer for your Diverſion than your Anger.

Vain. Ay Sir, 'tis very true. I have fought, Sir, ſeveral times, but in my Opinion, Laughing and Talking is better Sport by the half.

Bell. Eſpecially to one whom it becomes ſo well as you.

Vain. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir: I am glad we have Gentlemen come to us now that underſtand Breeding and Converſation; 'Tis not to be had here. I proteſt, Sir, I am forced to go to *England* once a year, to refine my underſtanding.

Bell. VVhat need you put your ſelf to that Trouble? Cannot you keep a Correſpondence with your Taylor?

Vain. With my Taylor, Sir;

Bell. Yes; For all you Learn by your Journey, is a New Faſhion; and all you underſtand is, whither your Cloaths be well made.

Vain. You are ſo obliging, Sir. Truly I think this Coat is very well Cut, ſits with a Good Air. I had it ſent me by an Expreſs from *London*; for I cannot bear any thing

but

but what comes from thence. Oh 'tis a happy Place! and in a bleſſed Country, where there are all things neceſſary, where there are ſuch pleaſures, and ſuch Conveniencies to enjoy them!

Free. I have been told you have all thoſe here.

Vain. Oh not one, Sir, not one.

Free. You have good Wine?

Vain. Yes, yes, that's true, I had forgot that.

Free. Plenty of all ſorts of Fiſh and Fleſh.

Vain. Phoo, they are perfect Drugs. Plenty of Meat and Drink; but nothing elſe.

Free. The People are Civil and Obliging.

Vain. Eſpecially to Strangers.

Free. And Hoſpitable.

Vain. To a Fault, Sir.

Free. The Air is Good, a temperate Climate.

Vain. Much the ſame as in *England*.

Free. The Soil is Rich.

Vain. Oh 'tis too Rank.

Free. VVhat neceſſaries then, or what pleaſures do you want? You have fine Women.

Vain. They are kind I am ſure.

Free. To you chiefly I ſuppoſe.

Vain. Shall I make a Confeſſion then among my Friends? I do not believe ever any Man has been ſo ſucceſsful. I do not know that ever I ask'd in vain.

Sir *Fr.* I can hold no longer. Why thou little worthleſs Contemptible Wretch! Do you entertain Strangers with your averſion for your Country, without being able to give one Reaſon for it; and can you give but one Reaſon for liking it, which if it were true, would make all others abhor it. The Women fond of thee! Why the Common Hackneys who live by thee, Contemn thee. But ſuch as he think if he is not affronted, he is belov'd.

Vain. You muſt know, Sir, (*to* Freelove) he is Jealous of me, that makes him ſo peeviſh, he us'd to be very fond of me. Therefore I'll tell you more of this ſome other time, and in the mean time ſtudy all Opportunities of ſhewing how much I am, Sir, Your moſt Obedient humble Servant.

[*Exit* Vainly.

Free. Your Servant Sir. This Spark takes leave, I perceive, always alike, I ſuppoſe too of every Body alike, and in the ſame Stile as he concludes his dull Inſipid Billet-doux.

Sir *Fr.* Ay, hang him, hang him, he is always dully Brisk and Impertinent. But here ſhe comes who is all perfection.

Enter Lady Volant.

Madam, Your Ladyſhips Slave. Be pleas'd to know theſe Two Gentlemen; this is Mr. *Freelove*, and this is Mr. *Bellmine*. You ſee, Madam, how Communicative I am to you of every thing that is Good; you ſhall ſhare all my Goods.

Lady *Vol.* This is a ſignal Proof indeed.

Sir *Fr.* This Gentleman is in Love with my Niece, and this with my Daughter. What ſay you, Madam, ſhall we be Married all together? keep time, odd, I believe I cou'd--make it a day of Revelling, and a night of Loving, Feaſt all day and Kiſs all night.

Lady *Vol.* Sir *Francis*, I have all the Reſpect and Friendſhip for you, that a Man of your Excellent Parts can require with Modeſty, but I muſt deſire you not to talk ſo looſly before me. Marriage is a ſacred thing, Sir *Francis*, a very ſacred thing; yet it is a thing, Sir *Francis*, that may be abus'd, and may be perverted to raiſe indecent and unruly Cogitations.

Sir *Fr.* I told you how reſerv'd ſhe was. (*To* Free. *and* Bel.)

Lady *Vol.* I preſume you found Mr. *Vainly* here. I aſſure you, Sir *Francis*, I left the Room becauſe he tacitly imply'd the thing Marriage, tho' on his knees, and with all the Chaſtity and Modeſty imaginable.

Bell.

Bell. There ſhe has given the Reaſon. (*To* Freelove)

Free. Can he miſtake this for Virtue? I wou'd as ſoon take a Bully's Rant for true Courage, or a Cringing Deſigning Courtiers low bow for true Humility. This Ridiculous Cant, this affected Squeamiſhneſs is as naſeous to me, as open Lewdneſs, and I am ſure as certain a ſign, and a greater Crime, for ſhe adds Hypocriſy.

Bell. I am ſo far of your Opinion, that if you will take him aſide, I am reſolv'd to make Love to her.

Free. VVhat at firſt! and to what end?

Bell. I have juſt now a Project conceiv'd in my head, but I have not time now to impart it.

Sir *Fr.* Son *Bellmine*, you muſt try to prevail with my Lady here, and as you ſucceed with her for me, ſo you muſt expect to ſucceed with me for my Daughter.

Lady *Vol.* Oh for ſome Art to Charm him from *Marina*; or at leaſt delay the Match; for I muſt dally no longer with my old Gentleman. (*Aſide*)

Bell. This is a ſevere Task, Madam, that Sir *Francis* has impos'd upon me: To require me to make Love to you, and not for my ſelf.

Lady *Vol.* He is very ſenſible, Sir, that his Daughter has Charms to ſecure you from one much more engaging.

Bell. Fathers are as Blind as Lovers. And give me leave to think he is a much more indulgent Father, than paſſionate Lover, or he wou'd dread your greater Power wou'd make me falſe both to my Love and Friendſhip: And ſhou'd *Marina* make the ſame Tryal of my Conſtancy, ſhe wou'd convince me ſhe exceeds you as much in Vanity, as ſhe is inferiour to you in every Charm.

Lady *Vol.* Truly, Sir, if Sir *Francis* had ſuch a Talent of Elocution, I believe he might have ſucceeded long ſince. And for his Daughter, I conjecture I am not much inferiour to her in the ſuperlative Charm, Fortune.

Bell.

Bell. That never was a Charm to me; tho' I cou'd wiſh it were one to you, ſince I can at leaſt equal Sir *Francis*'s.

Lady *Vol.* Sure, Sir, you can have no other deſign in this, but to try with what temper I can ſupport ſuch Complements.

Bell. That is not my deſign, I aſſure you.

Lady *Vol.* Is it not indeed, Sir? on your Veracity.

Bell. No, on my Honour, Madam; nor can you ſuppoſe it is. Methinks a Lady of your piercing Wit, ſhou'd in a Moment read ones thoughts, as in a Moment ſo much Beauty Conquers.

Lady *Vol.* 'Tis as dangerous to believe one of you young Gentlemen, as it is difficult to deny ſo fine a Perſon.

Bell. Convince me, you think me the latter, by allowing me a Moments Free Converſation.

Lady *Vol.* Alas Sir, even to talk thus is a Liberty I never permitted to any before; and I am ſure you cannot in reaſon ask more.

Bell. Lovers are always thought Extravagant in their Demands, by the indifferent. Therefore I fear to ask what I wou'd give the World for, that you wou'd let me ſee you this Evening in St. *Stephen*'s-*Green*.

Lady *Vol.* Oh me Sir, what wou'd the World ſay! or what I value more, what wou'd you think?

Bell. The World ſhall never know it, and for me——

Sir *Fr.* What ſay you Sir, have you no Eſtate?

Free. Not an Acre, Sir.

Sir *Fr.* Nor Money?

Free. Not a Penny.

Sir *Fr.* A ſtrange dull Fellow this! (*Aſide*) And have you really now the Conſcience to make Love to my Niece. Can you imagine that ſhe will throw her ſelf away upon you in the Bloom of her Youth; one of her Wit and Beauty. But perhaps you think ſhe has an Equal Stock of Money, and

ſo

ſo hope to make your Fortune by her: But I can aſſure you, ſhe is in the ſame Circumſtances as you are, not worth a Penny.

Free. I knew it when firſt I ſaw her, yet my Love receiv'd not the leaſt Check by that; I hope ſhe will prove as Generous.

Sir *Fr.* Generous do you call it? Death! you make me mad. What a Pox is there no way to be thought Generous, but by becoming Mad and Begging. And pray Sir, if I may ask you a Civil Queſtion, if ſhe were Generous enough, as you call it, and mad enough, as I call it, to Marry you, how wou'd you Maintain her, Sir?

Free. Oh, truſt to our Stars for that.

Sir *Fr.* I hope ſhe will have more Grace. Truſt to your Stars for that! I wou'd as ſoon truſt you for ten Thouſand Pounds. I have not heard a Fellow talk ſo Sillily in all my life. (*Aſide*)

Free. And I aſſure you Sir, were our Circumſtances chang'd, you ſhou'd command that Summ from me. I have ſo great an Honour for you, and ſo high an Opinion of your Worth and Integrity.

Sir *Fr.* Strangely Impertinent! (*Aſide*) I beſeech you good Romantick Sir, put not your ſelf to the trouble of making theſe profeſſions to me, for to be free with you, I no more regard your Complements than I want your aſſiſtance. A perfect Fool! Methinks too a very ugly, ungentile Man, as ever I ſaw! (*Aſide.*)

Free. I hope, Sir, I ſhall not find you my Enemy in this matter however.

Sir *Fr.* No, no Sir, you need no other Enemy than your ſelf, and thoſe Stars you were talking of. Your Servant Sir, I muſt mind my own Affairs now. What a confounded Friend has *Bellmine* choſen out? no doubt a Sharper, and lives upon him. But I'll quickly part 'em, when he is Married to my Daughter. (*Aſide.*)

Free.

Free. 'Tis well my Breach with *Æmilia* is repaired, by his owning he told me who ſhe was, or he wou'd never do me that Juſtice now; for I perceive by this Declaration of mine, I have forfeited his good Opinion. He cannot reliſh even Flattery from the mouth of a Man he thinks is in want. (*Aſide*)

Sir *Fr.* And ſhe has liſtned to your Arguments, you ſay, and ſeems Compliant?

Bell. Yes Sir, ſhe has promis'd to comply with what I deſired. (*Enter Servant.*)

Madam, here are ſome Ladies come to wait on you.

Lady *Vol.* Oh me! I wou'd not for a Kingdom be found alone Entertaining Men. This is a Cenſorious Town, and I wou'd not give them an Advantage over my Bright Reputation.

Sir *Fr.* I believe it may be my Niece and Daughter, I order'd them to attend your Ladyſhip this Evening. Ay, 'tis ſo, 'tis ſo. Obſerve now, Sir, if ſhe has not too much Wit, to be ſo Generous as to Marry you for Love only, and to truſt to your Stars.

Enter Æmilia *and* Marina.

Free. I am ſure if ſhe Marrys for any other Reaſon, it ſhall not be me.

Lady *Vol.* I proteſt Ladies, were it any but you, who ſurpriz'd me in this indecent Criminal Converſe, I ſhou'd never have the aſſurance to obtrude my ſelf upon Company again.

Æmi. I aſſure your Ladyſhip, we have not perceived any thing Criminal; and if you pleaſe to keep your own Council, we are not at all Curious.

Lady *Vol.* Ay, but Madam, to be entertaining men alone, that's the thing grieves me.

Mar. No, 'tis becauſe that you have not a Man alone, that's the thing Grieves you. (*Aſide.*)

Lady

Lady *Vol.* For they are ſo Cenſorious here, that really I do not in all the Sphere of my Memory recollect one Woman whoſe Reputation is not Contaminated.

Mar. I am ſorry to hear that.

Lady *Vol.* Your Ladyſhips excepted. Truth on't is, they make themſelves obnoxious to ſuch Calumnies by their Imprudent Behaviour. For was not my Lady *Courtly* ſeen twice in one week at the Play? and was not my Lady *Blameleſs* in a Mask in the Gallery? and was not Mrs. *Wellbred* heard moſt Impiouſly and Obſcenely to wiſh it were the Cuſtom in this Town, for Women to ſit in the Pit? and is not Mrs. *Winlove* ſeen to walk often in St. *Stephen's-Green.*

Mar. I beſeech you, Madam, do not Cenſure Ladies for this, for I have been Guilty of all theſe things ſeveral times.

Lady *Vol.* What! and do you own it?

Æm. Certainly own it; for if there be a Fault in it, it is only when it is made a ſecret.

Lady *Vol.* Sir *Francis*, I proteſt you muſt pardon me, if I Conjecture theſe Ladies have ſtrange Crude Notions of Honour.

Well Ladies, you may do what you pleaſe, but I wou'd no more be Guilty of theſe things, than I wou'd ſit at a Play in the ſecond Row, which I think very improper for one of my Quality.

Bell. And Beauty, Madam.

Lady *Vol.* Oh Sir! why really I think it a Diſgrace to both. But I hope you do not approve the Behaviour of ſome, who are remark'd for daily admitting the viſits of Men.

Æm. I muſt Confeſs, Madam, I ſeldom refuſe their viſits whoſe Converſation I like.

Lady *Vol.* Oh hideous! what can you regard in Mens Converſation, that is Divertive? they are all Inſidious, you may believe me. They are always peſtring a Woman with

their Love, then they beg Liberty to repeat their Visits, and implore a reciprocal Passion; and not contented with that, they desire to wait on her abroad, nay, to meet 'em abroad alone, and Mask'd, and when they have procur'd our Consent so far, then they imprudently proceed to——

Mar. Good Madam, do not you proceed farther at this time.

Lady *Vol.* I was only going to Caution you of the Danger, and warn you to keep them at a distance, a vast distance, for some of 'em are so forward, that if we permit 'em to squeeze our Hand, they will incontinently Write to us, and the first Opportunity that offers, will force a Kiss, and they have no sooner ravish'd that, but——

Æm. Indeed, Madam, we want no Caution to avoid all this, nor shou'd I think any Man Impudent, who attempted all these things, if I granted him any one of them.

Lady *Vol.* 'Tis my great Concern for you, that's all; for I wou'd have every ones Reputation as unsully'd as my own.

Free. What a damn'd Malitious Jade it is? (*Apart*)

Sir *Fr.* No Niece, you want no Caution in this matter, but you do in another as Material as your Reputation; your Fortune, I mean. For indeed who can preserve a Reputation without Money, or if one shou'd, who regards it?

Free. So, now for a Lash at me.

Sir *Fr.* Look here, Niece, here is a Gentleman has given himself the trouble to come hither to make Love to you, without having Money enough to pay for a License, or the Wedding Dinner.

Free. Madam, I own.——

Sir *Fr.* Ay, ay, he owns it, what wou'd you have more; a very honest undesigning Gentleman as ever I saw.

Free. I have no hopes you shou'd ever have a favourable thought for me, if it is to be purchas'd with Wealth. But if the sincerest Passion, the humblest Adoration, a Heart immov'd

immov'd by any thing but you, can atone for the want of Wealth——

Sir *Fr.* Satisfy your ſelf, Sir, they will not. Nor your fine Perſon, nor your VVit, nor your Courage, nor your Stars, nor a thouſand things more. To convince you how ſmall I think their Power, I will leave you in my Miſtreſs's Lodgings. Come Girls, come away. Madam, as ſoon as I have diſpos'd of my Daughter, I will beg to be made happy.

Æm. } Your Ladyſhips Servant.
Mari. }

Lady *Vol.* Your moſt humble Servant. Nay, I will wait on you down. Do you think I wou'd be left alone with Men?

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Free. *&* Bell.

Bell. So you have very induſtriouſly ruin'd your ſelf with the old Gentleman. But let us be gone before her Ladyſhip returns.

Free. Yes, he will avoid me as carefully as we wou'd an old caſt Miſtreſs.

Bell. But where is the neceſſity of perſwading him you have no Eſtate?

Free. That *Æmilia* may be the more convinc'd it is ſo.

Bell. Wou'd you have her Love a Man becauſe he is poor?

Free. No, but I wou'd not have her forbear it for that Reaſon.

Bell. He will make uſe of all his Power to oppoſe you.

Free. The better ſtill, I ſhall make the ſtronger tryal of her Love.

When Love's ſincere, no Enterprize is hard,
And VVealth and Titles then bear no Regard.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene St. Stephen's-Green.

Trickwell *and* Timothy *Meet.*

Trick. SUre I ſhou'd know that Face. My old Acquaintance *Timothy* in Being!

Tim. VVhat, my dear Rakehell alive ſtill!

Trick. Nor Time nor thy Diſguiſe can hide thee from me.

Tim. I think indeed it is five years ſince we have ſeen each other; but what Diſguiſe prithee?

Trick. Why that bloated Belly, and thoſe bladder Cheeks, that Crimſon Hue, and thoſe huge Pillars which ſupport thee. Thou wer't as VVan and Thin when laſt I ſaw thee, as if you were juſt eſcaped from the Gallies.

Tim. Eaſe and Plenty have made this Alteration, Eating well, and Lying ſoft. Thank my Stars, I thrive very well in this Coutry.

Trick. Then I ſuppoſe you Deſpiſe it.

Tim. That's but an odd Reaſon.

Trick. A very common one; for I have obſerv'd that none Deſpiſe *Ireland* ſo much as thoſe who thrive beſt in it. And none are ſo ſevere in their Reflections upon it, as thoſe who owe their Birth and Fortune to it; I have known many of 'em, when they come firſt to *London*, think there is no way ſo ready to purchaſe the Title of a Wit, as to Ridicule their own Country.

But tell me, haſt thou thruſt thy ſelf into any Buſineſs? Haſt thou got any Employment?

Tim. Yes, a very pleaſant one, I am in keeping.

Trick. In keeping!

Tim.

Tim. Ay, I am kept.

Trick. Kept!

Tim. Kept! ay kept; ſo I ſay, don't you hear.

Trick. But not underſtand. Kept! for what in the name of *Venus?* to roll on ſome Body's Bowling Green?

Tim. VVell, Sir, you may be as merry as you pleaſe with my Shape, but I have other ſecret Charms, Sir, I have. For know that I have been in keeping theſe three years, and by a fine Lady; A VVitty Lady.

Trick. And a Rich one?

Tim. Not altogether ſo Rich, as when I knew her firſt, but ſhe has ſomewhat left ſtill.

Trick. Then I ſuppoſe as her Fortune declines, ſo does your Paſſion. And ſo you are now about quitting her.

Tim. But like a Man of Honour, not till I have firſt provided for her; I am about Marrying her to a conſiderable Man.

Trick. O Rare *Tim*! now her Name?

Tim. I know thou art a Truſty Dog, or I had not told you ſo much; but in a little time you ſhall know all. And now pray give me an account of your Affairs, for I think you ſeem to be much in the ſame Circumſtances as formerly.

Trick. I do but ſeem to be ſo. You muſt know I'm Marry'd.

Tim. See the difference of our Caſes, how I thrive upon one, more than you on the other. But pray let me know farther.

Trick. You remember about five years ago, I waited on Collonel *Worthy*; I attended him to *Flanders*, where he was kill'd, but before he dy'd, for ſome ſecret ſervices, he gave me all his Cloaths and Linning and Fifty Guineas.

Tim. Lucky Rogue! ſure you fancy'd your ſelf a Collonel then?

Trick. No, I had the humility to diſpenſe with the Title of Captain, which I aſſum'd immediately after my Arrival

in

in *London*; 'tis true I pretended to an Eſtate too, and ſo went a Fortune hunting.

Tim. Very prudently done.

Trick. In ſhort, I met with a Lady who was on the ſame ſcent; and we Believ'd, Cheated, and Marry'd each other.

Tim. The common Fate of Fortune-hunters. But what is become of your Spouſe?

Trick. I can no more give you a particular account of her, than how I ſpent my fifty Guineas. She firſt apprehended the Cheat, and taking the opportunity of my being Drunk one Night, march'd off, and I never heard of her ſince. In a little time after having loſt my VVife, pawn'd my Cloaths, and ſpent all my Money; I return'd to my old way of Living, and have got into a good Service again.

Tim. So 'tis but the Right about as you were.

Trick. I wiſh I cou'd find her out tho', not out of the leaſt Paſſion for her Perſon, but for her Fortune, for ſhe has ſome. Here comes the Getleman I now ſerve, an Admirable Man.

Tim. I ſaw him to day. But they ſay he is poor.

Enter Freelove *and* Bellmine.

Trick. You muſt know that——

Bell. Come hither, Good Sir.

Trick. VVe'll talk another time.

Tim. VVell, well, Adieu. [*Exit* Timothy.

Bell. VVith your Maſter's Leave, I have an Affair, which I can only truſt a Man of your Diligence and Art with.

Trick. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir, I will diſcharge it accordingly.

Bell. You ſee that Gentleman that comes this way.

Trick. Him with the Two Ladies?

Bell.

Bell. The ſame. That is Sir *Francis Fairyouth*, go to him directly, he does not know you, and with all the Cunning you have perſwade him there is a Lady deſperately in Love with him.

Trick. VVith an old Man, Sir!

Bell. Have a little patience. Firſt fire him with a deſcription of her, and when you find him eager, ſeem to have taken him for me all the while, that will vex him. Then adviſe him to come diſguis'd, and paſs for me, and aſſure him ſhe ſhall meet him here this Evening, and let him know he may be very free with her.

Trick. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Bell. VVell, walk on a little, that you may not be ſeen talking to us. [*Exit* Trickwell

Free. And ſo you deſign he ſhall meet my Lady *Volant* in your place. VVhat will be the effect of that?

Bell. He will diſcover that ſhe had an Appointment with me, and if he is not ſtark mad, it will Convince him what a Creature ſhe is.

Free. But is this very Honourable in you to deceive a poor Lady thus?

Bell. It wou'd be much leſs Honourable to ſuffer him to Marry her; for he will not be perſwaded but ſhe is very Rich.

Free. He miſtakes her for a Woman of Wit too; But I fancy except Virtue, that is the greateſt want ſhe has.

Bell. She has ſome Wit when ſhe talks to Inferiour People; but when in Converſation with thoſe of Faſhion and of Senſe, ſhe endeavours to elevate her Thoughts, (as ſhe calls it) and refine her Language, and makes both unintelligible, ſo is affectedly Ridiculous. To be Witty ſhe ſpoils her Language, and her Language confounds even what is Wit.

Free. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhou'd be blind to ſo many Faults, but you are in the right to prevent his Ruin, ſince you

hope

hope to Marry his Daughter. Do you ſtart at the VVord.

Bell. The neater the Precipice, the more it dazles my ſight and underſtanding. VVhy you us'd to diſlike the thing as much as I, till you ſaw this *Æmilia*; and remember if e're I am weary of the Bondage, 'twas by your Example I ſubmitted to it. Tho' I expect to be thought the more prudent Perſon, who have my fancy for the Lady back'd with a good Fortune.

Free. You deſerv'd to be ill us'd for your ſuſpitions; and may be no greater a Gainer than I am; for (as the VVorld goes) whatever Fortune the Lover gains by his Miſtreſs, 'tis ten to one but the Husband will repay with Intereſt, to get rid of his Wife. I hope we ſhall ſucceed, and ſhall have no reaſon to Repent. I am impatient to know my Fate; Let us loſe no time; your Emiſſary's Diſcourſe with Sir *Francis* may give us an Opportunity to ſpeak to the Ladies; I ſee them coming, let us walk on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Francis Feignyouth, Æmilia *and* Marina, *follow'd by* Trickwell.

Trick. Sir, will you be pleas'd to favour me with a Minuits Audience?

Sir *Fr.* VVhat's thy Buſineſs?

Trick. I wou'd wiſh you were alone, Sir. I have ſomething to deliver to you from a fair Lady.

Sir *Fr.* Em—— walk on, I'll overtake you, this is my Lawyers Servant about an Extraordinary Affair. And what Commands pray has this fame fair Lady for me?

Trick. Commands! alack, alack, poor Soul ſhe has no Commands, no Sir, her Empire's at an end, and conferr'd on you. *Don Cupid* has taken ſtand on your ſhoulders, and with all his might has ſhot her thro' and thro'.

Sir *Fr.*

Sir *Fr.* Heark ye Friend, if you wou'd have me believe you are in earneſt, ſpeak ſenſe, ſpeak ſenſe d'yu ſee, and don't prate to me of Empires, and *Don Cupids*, and Darts, and ſuch ſtuff, but tell me plainly, and in ſhort, what it is you wou'd be at.

Trick. Well then, Sir, ſince you will have it without any Decoration or Preamble, you ſhall; and truly Sir, I do not wonder you are impatient to know, that the prettieſt Woman, the ſweeteſt Woman, the wittieſt Woman, and till ſhe ſaw you, the modeſteſt Woman even in her heart, ſhou'd ſlight all the Men in Town, and fall deſperately in Love with you, only upon ſeeing you.

Sir *Fr.* Do not you banter now my Friend? hah! do not you banter.

Trick. To Convince you I do not, Sir, I will tell you where you ſhall ſee her, and I will not take one Penny for my pains.

Sir *Fr.* Two of the beſt Proofs a Man wou'd deſire. But to raiſe my Spirits a little, pray tell me what ſort of a Woman is ſhe?

Trick. Why Sir, in the firſt place then, ſhe is of a conſiderable Family.

Sir *Fr.* Phoo, Pox of her Family.

Trick. And of a moſt accompliſh'd Education——

Sir *Fr.* A Pox of her Education too; that may render all her other Beauties uſeleſs.

Trick. I mean, Sir, ſhe Sings, Dances, Plays on ſeveral Inſtruments, ſpeaks French, and the like, Sir.

Sir *Fr.* Ay, now thou ſay'ſt ſomething. But her Perſon, let me hear ſomewhat of that. She is not little?

Trick. Of middle Stature.

Sir *Fr.* That's well; I hate a Dwarf and a Maypole. A little Friſking, Jumping, tumbling Ball; and a Long, Thin, Scraggy, ungainly Lath. Her Complexion next.

Trick. Like her Stature, between Extreams; Neither White nor Brown; Sanguine, but no fix'd Red, except upon her Lips, a faint Bluſh ſeems always riſing in her Face, but cleareſt on her Cheeks.

Sir *Fr.* Admirable, admirable! not Lean you ſay.

Trick. No Grape that's kindly Ripe, can be
So Round, ſo Plump, ſo Soft as ſhe.
You know the Song.

Sir *Fr.* I am all on Fire. Delicate Creature! I have done with my Lady *Volant*, that's certain. I do not want Money, why then ſhou'd I be a Slave for it? Now her Eyes, her Eyes, if they prove right!

Trick. Of a ſprightly Blew.

Sir *Fr.* That's not ſo well. I cou'd wiſh 'em Languiſhing, and of a Gloſſy Black.

Trick. See them, ſee them, Sir, and diſlike 'em if you can. But her Temper is ſo Gentle, ſo Meek——

Sir *Fr.* Oh I abhor a Termagant; I hate a Miſtreſs that a Man muſt go to Cuffs with. I wou'd have her juſt ſuch a Woman as you Deſcribe her, Soft, and Compliant; only her Eyes, I cou'd wiſh her Eyes were Black.

Trick. Ne're mind the Colour, Sir, 'tis not the Colour makes the Eye beautiful, 'tis the ſhape of it, the Luſtre.

Sir *Fr.* VVell, well, go on with her Deſcription.

Trick. Her Teeth are ſmall, even, white and clean; ſmooth, and look as if juſt poliſh'd.

Sir *Fr.* If ſhe anſwers this Deſcription, I will make thy Fortune, thou haſt made me already fancy my ſelf Happy, I am in Raptures. But go on, go on, be never ſilent in her praiſe. I am ſorry her Eyes a'n't Black tho'.

Trick. 'Twere endleſs, to recount all her Perfections; but to conclude, Sir, to prove how large a ſhare ſhe has of VVit and Judgment, this delicate Creature, with thouſand

other

other Charms, all in their Bloom, offers her Heart to you.

Sir *Fr.* Patience, Patience! I am Five and twenty again, Eighteen, and ſhall I have the riffling of all theſe Charms ſay'ſt thou?

Trick. For my part, I believe ſhe will deny you nothing. No one that Loves ſo much can. In ſleep ſhe dreams of you, and all her waking hours are ſpent in ſighs and wiſhes for her admir'd Charming *Bellmine.*

Sir *Fr.* The Devil! for whom?

Trick. For her dear Lovely *Bellmine.*

Sir *Fr.* For the Devil.

Trick. What mean you, Sir?

Sir *Fr.* For *Bellmine*! ah Plague is all this meant to him!

Trick. Meant to him! why are not you Mr. *Bellmine*? did ſhe not point you to me this very day as you walk'd here with three or four more?

Sir *Fr.* No Sir, I am not Mr. *Bellmine*, nor have I been like him theſe Twenty years. A Curſe on your miſtake! that has kindled all this Fuel within me for nothing. I am ſtruck cold already, I fancy my ſelf Fourſcore. But Sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you for giving me theſe hopes to no purpoſe. I wou'd not have been balk'd thus for a Thouſand Pound.

Trick. I am ſure Sir, if it be not you, that ſhe Loves, I cou'd wiſh it were you. I have a greater Inclination for your Service than for his.

Sir *Fr.* VVhat good, will your Inclinations or VViſhes do me?

Trick. VVhy, a great deal Sir; ſince I have committed this miſtake, I will perſevere in it.

Sir *Fr.* How, how!

Trick. I have already betray'd the poor Lady's Secrets, and to make you amends for this Diſturbance, I will order matters ſo, that you ſhall be the happy Man.

Sir *Fr.* I burn again. Let me Embrace thee. But the Way, the Way, the Method, my dear Rogue!

Trick. You ſhall meet her, and act like him.

Sir *Fr.* That will be ſomewhat difficult, I fear me, for an old Man.

Trick. For once, Sir, you may do well enough. I will perſwade her to meet you here this Evening as ſoon as it is growing dark; ſhe ſhall come in a Mask, and do you come muffl'd in a Cloak; ſhe is ſo exceſſively Fond of Mr. *Bellmine*, that I am ſure, ſhe will comply with my Propoſal, and with his Deſires; therefore you may be very Free with her, hurry her immediately into a Coach; and Fear will make her yield to you, as Love wou'd to him.

Sir *Fr.* Excellent, Excellent! I ſhall not contain my ſelf till the happy hour. But will not you play the Rogue, and deceive me?

Trick. Upon my Honour, Sir, it ſhall be as I ſay.

Sir *Fr.* Enough. The Honour of a Pimp is ſacred. The next thing dear to him is Gold; here are five Guineas for you before hand, that thy Honour may be more ſacred, (and pray conſider how Guineas are rais'd) and if I find every thing anſwerable to what you have ſaid, I will Love her, and Reward thee immoderately. I will go and prepare my ſelf, and be ſure you be punctual. [*Exit.*

Trick. How ſweet the Profit, how deſerv'd the Gain,
Which we as a Reward t'our Wit obtain.
Now to give an account of my Negotiation.

Enter Free. *and* Æmilia; Bellm. *and* Marina.

Bell. At leaſt Madam, you muſt acknowledge I am induſtrious for the good of your Family.

Mar.

Mar. And I ſuppoſe, I muſt be Claim'd as a Reward for your good Service to my Father.

Æm. For my part, I doubt the ſucceſs of your Deſign; for I have ſo good an Opinion of my Uncle, that I do not think he will be perſwaded to meet a Mask. I am ſure he rails againſt ſuch People more than any Man.

Free. Railing is no more a ſign of Virtue, than of Wit. In this age People are ſeldom what they ſeem; there are ſome go to Church without Devotion. We have Criticks without Wit or Judgment; and ſome Fight without Courage; and there are Women very preciſe without Virtue. And I equally ſuſpect the Woman who Boaſts her Virtue, and the Man who Boaſts his Valour; and it generally has the ſame effect, we are picked at it, and provok'd to deſtroy their Reputation.

Bell. To Convince you, Madam, we make a right Judgment of Sir *Francis*; Come hither *Trickwell*, and give an Account how you have ſucceeded.

Trick. I have ſucceeded as much to your Deſires, Sir, as for my own Profit. VVitneſs this Gold, Sir. Thus has he Rewarded me for Obeying you.

Bell. VVhat do you think now, Madam? You behav'd your ſelf very Cunningly to get Money from him. Yet I have often known Men Starve their Family, and Feaſt their Miſtreſs.

Trick. I remember, Sir, I heard you give a Deſcription of one of your Miſtreſſes, and I entertain'd him with that, which agreed almoſt perfectly with what he Admires. He is gone in Raptures, to prepare himſelf for the wiſh'd for hour.

Mar. And you depend on my Lady *Volant's* coming.

Bell. I have Enticed her by the hopes both of Love and Profit; which will make her as punctual to me, as a Sharper wou'd be to a young Rich Cully he had Set. She will no more fail meeting me, than Mrs. *Flippant*, with her new Equipage, wou'd miſs the *Strand* on a *Sunday*.

Æm.

Æm. If ſhe be ſuch a VVoman, 'twill be Charity to prevent the Match. But I fancy, Mr. *Bellmine*, you have ſome ſelf Intereſt in this Matter: You expect my Couſin's Fortune ſhou'd be encreas'd by this, to make you digeſt Matrimony the better, for I hear you have dreadful apprehenſions of it, and are reſolv'd to have a great Fortune.

Bell. Both Reports of me have been truth, I muſt confeſs, Madam; but the more I ſee this Lady, the more my Averſion for the one, and my Regard for the other, are leſſen'd.

Æm. If you Marry for Money, you muſt expect to be ſeverely Cenſured by one who has none.

Free. But Madam, you will not have favourable Thoughts for one who knows that, and yet dies for you. Who wou'd ſacrifice his Life to be in that ſtate which he there dreads.

Æm. But have you Conſider'd all the Inconveniencies of Marrying a VVoman without a Fortune?

Free. All, all Madam; and wou'd undergo a thouſand more for you.

Æm. And how you will be laugh'd at by the World.

Free. I'll pitty their Ignorance. I have Conſider'd all Madam, all the Hazards, all the Inconveniencies; how difficult to have a Man's Behaviour approv'd by all, that it is impoſſible to be thought a Kind Husband by the Women, and a prudent one by the Men. But you ſhall ever Rule your Conduct and my Heart. I give my Heart without Reſerve, had I the World, I wou'd beſtow it ſo. I will be ſtill your Slave, ſtill gaze upon thoſe Eyes, and every look ſhall make me more your Slave. Oh I want words to tell how truly I adore you: or had I words that were Expreſſive, my Paſſion is too fierce to utter them.

Æm. If you declare your real Thoughts, your Paſſion cannot be greater than your Generoſity; and may be eaſier Feign'd. You ſee I liſten to your Love, becauſe I believe it diſintereſted; if I thought it were not, not all your Art

ſhou'd

ſhou'd gain a Moments Audience. I hear you talk of Love, tho' I were ſilent, to hear, gives hopes.

Free. Let me for ever talk, and only talk of Love. To Love be all the Buſineſs of my Life; it were abuſe of Life to Live to any other End, be every Moment ſo employ'd; I talk, but it is Faint and Mean; my Heart now ſwells, and ſeems to heave and rage, that I no better can deſcribe its Paſſion. It bids me ſay, amongſt a thouſand things that crowd upon my Tongue, I cannot Love you more, I ne're will Love you leſs.

Bell. It wou'd be a damn'd unconſcionable thing now in her, to remember all this after Marriage; for 'tis as unreaſonable for VVomen to expect Love after enjoyment, as for a Man who had ſpent his Fortune, to expect as much Credit as when he had it in poſſeſſion. (*Aſide.*)

Mar. VVhat is that you mutter of unconſcionable?

Bell. VVhy, I ſay it is an unconſcionable thing of you both, to keep us in pain thus, when you may ſo eaſily remove it. And to ſeem to doubt our Paſſion, when we offer ſo fair to prove it.

Mar. And what is that, Good Sir?

Bell. VVhat I cou'd never bear the ſound of, till thoſe bewitching Eyes of yours ſweeten'd it; Marriage.

Mar. Why do you expect that I ſhou'd diſobey my Father?

Bell. VVhy do you ſuppoſe that I expect you will be obedient to him?

Æm. Nay Couſin, you need not fear he will oppoſe you; but I owe ſome Obedience to an Uncle too, and I am very ſure, I never ſhall have his Conſent. But we'll talk no farther of this Matter, till we ſee what becomes of his Intrigue.

Mar. I think the Hour of the Lovers Meeting is almoſt come. I ſuppoſe you will hover hereabout, to ſee what will be the Iſſue of it.

Bell.

Bell. It may be ſome diverſion to you Ladies to be VVitneſs to it.

Æm. No, that will not be ſo proper; we ſhall be ſatisfied to receive an account of it from you. Till when your Servant.

Free. Tho' griev'd to part, I ought not to Complain, ſince you have bid me hope. [*Exeunt* Free. *and* Bell.

Mar. Prithee *Æmilia*, why wou'd you put this Conſtraint upon your Inclinations? I am ſure you had rather he had ſtay'd, I read it in your looks; I found your Eyes had almoſt betray'd your Heart.

Æm. I found ſo too. That made me more deſirous he ſhou'd be gone. I have Confeſt enough for this time.

Mar. Yes truly, ſo you have, ſince you deſign to Marry him. For Men's Importunity and our Shyneſs have the ſame end.

Their ſubtle Sex is violent to Gain,
And we Deny, more ſurely to Obtain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. *Scene Continues.*

Enter Sir Francis Feignyouth *in a Cloak.*

Sir *Fr.* YOnder ſhe comes; now if I can Diſguiſe my ſelf till I get her to a Coach, ſhe's my own. Wou'd it were a little darker however.

Enter Lady Volant *Mask'd.*

Lady *Vol.* VVho is there? Mr. *Bellmine.*

Sir *Fr.* The ſame.

Lady

Lady *Vol.* You ſee, Dear Sir, what an exceſſive Sovereignty you have over me, to compel me to meet you. But you have an irreſiſtible way with you; and all the World extols you for a Man of Honour, and I hope you will behave your ſelf like one to me.

Sir *Fr.* Methinks I ſhou'd know that Voice. (*Apart.*) I, I, my Dear, I will; I'll make your Fortune.

Lady *Vol.* Your obedient Servant, Dear Sir; indeed it is as uncommon to meet with a Generous Lover in this profligate Age, as with a Secret or a Conſtant one. But I Conjecture you to have all theſe Virtues, or I had not conſented to meet you at firſt Requeſt.

Sir *Fr.* Firſt Requeſt! What a Pox does ſhe mean? I'm certain I know her voice. (*Apart.*)

Lady *Vol.* Pray Heaven, I be not miſtaken in my Man. (*Aſide.*) But now I have met you, ſure you can deſire no more.

Sir *Fr.* By all that's Virtuous, my Lady *Volant!* Is ſhe the amorous Lady! This was a lucky Diſcovery; I'll try her farther. (*Aſide.*)

Come my dear, I am impatient till we are more private, I have a Coach waiting at the end of the Green.

Lady *Vol.* I'll wait on you immediately. Oh Heavens! how near was I to be ruin'd! This is Sir *Francis*! what can this mean? ha! I have it now. A Trick of that Villain *Bellmine*'s to prevent our Marriage; but I'll be even with him. (*Aſide.*)

Sir *Fr.* Come, are you ready?

Lady *Vol.* Ungrateful Worthleſs Fellow! (*Unmasking*) Not only baſe thy ſelf, but wou'd have me too, ſhare thy Guilt: how canſt thou be that Mercenary Wretch, to Abuſe thy Noble Friend Sir *Francis Feignyouth*, to deceive his Virtuous Beautiful Daughter, forſake and leave her when the Match is concluded on, and Marry me, becauſe I am Wealthier? But tho' thou woud'ſt be ſo Baſe, think you I am ſo?

Do you imagine I wou'd be unjuſt to him, a Man of that Worth, that Honour, ſo fine a Gentleman, becauſe you proffer'd me a larger Settlement? No, coud'ſt thou give me this Iſland, I wou'd refuſe it, and rather ſtarve with him.

Sir *Fr.* Now, let me never drink Claret more, if I can tell what it is you mean by all this.

Lady *Vol.* Who do I ſee? Sir *Francis*! It ſeems then you came with a Deſign to meet ſome Lewd Woman; oh me unfortunate! is there nothing but Treachery and Inconſtancy in the Sex? Have I refus'd ſo many great Matches, and at laſt Conſented to be yours, and is this my Reward?

Sir *Fr.* Why, as I take it, my Good Lady, you came with a Deſign to meet ſome Body too.

Lady *Vol.* If my Trouble wou'd give me leave to ſpeak! That Traytor *Bellmine*, whom you intruſted to plead for you, offer'd to forſake your Daughter, and Marry me himſelf——

Sir *Fr.* And ſo you met him to that purpoſe.

Lady *Vol.* Han't I already told you how I reſented his Baſeneſs, when I thought you were he. 'Tis true I conſented to meet him, in hopes to perſwade him to a more Virtuous and Juſt Proceeding. I wou'd have conceal'd his Crime from you, being always inclin'd to do Good!

Sir *Fr.* Oh the damn'd young Rogue, I'll be ſo Reveng'd on him——

Lady *Vol.* And thus while I endeavour'd to do your Family Service, even at the hazard of my Reputation; you ſuſpect me. This is a plain Conſpiracy between you both to ruin me; is this like a Man of Honour? this the Behaviour I hop'd for from the worthy Sir *Francis*! I am ruin'd, undone, betray'd; what will become of me?

Sir *Fr.* Nay hear me, Good Lady, do but hear me.

Lady *Vol.* No, I will never hearken to Man more. I will retire from the VVorld, and leave my VVealth to erect Hoſpitals to maintain Mad men and Fools; rather than enrich the unjuſt

Sir *Fr.* Hear me but ſpeak.

Lady *Vol.* That Sir *Francis Feignyouth* ſhou'd ſuſpect me! the only Perſon in the VVorld I ever gave the leaſt Encouragement to; I eaſily cou'd revenge my ſelf, by marrying *Bellmine*, and deprive you both of my Fortune, and of your Son-in-Law; had I not ſtill a zeal for your intereſts, and an Abhorrence for his Treachery.

Sir *Fr.* Come, I'll tell you how we ſhall be both reveng'd on this Inſinuating, VVheedling, Deceitful young Dog. I'll Marry you inſtantly, and will not give him the value of a Rapparee Farthing with my Daughter.

Lady *Vol.* VVhy verily Sir *Francis*, you ſpeak like a Man of Honour; indeed to Marry an injur'd VVoman, is the only way to do her Right. But I can hardly Reinſtate you in my good Opinion, ſufficiently to Conſent to that yet.

Sir *Fr.* Nay, I will not delay it a moment; I have a Chaplain ready at my Houſe, and we will ſpend the Night in Embraces, and Laughing at this Impudent Cozening Knave.—— See where he comes, if I were not about taking a ſurer and ſweeter Revenge, I wou'd cut his Throat directly.

Lady *Vol.* For Virtues ſake, let us be gone, I have that Deteſtation for a Cheat, that I cannot brook his appearance.

Enter Bellmine *and* Freelove.

Bell. VVe may venture to approach them now; we ſhall confound her more, tho' I ſuppoſe he is already ſufficiently convinc'd what a Virtuous Lady ſhe is. (*To* Free. *Entring.*)

Sir *Fr.* Your Servant, your Servant, Sir, my Honeſt, Faithful, Plotting, Undermining, Dear, Half witted Rival and Son-in-Law! This was a rare Deſign of yours, an admirable Deſign.

Bell. Sir!

Sir *Fr.* A curious Deſign, a deep Deſign! Oh theſe young Fellows are ſubtle Dogs at a Plot!

Bell. VVhat wou'd you be at, Sir?

Sir *Fr.* VVhat wou'd you be at, Sir, this Lady, Sir. But I ſhall prevent you, Sir, for I am going to be Marry'd to her inſtantly, Sir.

Bell. You are not ſerious ſure? why Sir, I'll convince you that——

Lady *Vol.* Oh I cannot bear that Traytors ſight, let us be gone, I ſhall faint, if I ſtay a moment longer. He will have the impudence to deny he made Love to me, and deſir'd a Meeting.

Bell. I own I did, Sir, but——

Sir *Fr.* Oh! Did you ſo? truth will out.

Bell. And I deſign'd——

Sir *Fr.* To Marry her your ſelf——Not a word more, Sir, nor a ſtep farther——In half an hours time, I'll admit you to wiſh me Joy. And ſo your Servant.

Lady *Vol.* Your Servant Good Mr. Little-plot. Ha, ha.

[*Exeunt Sir* Fra. *and Lady* Vol.

Bell. VVhat is the meaning of all this? I cannot underſtand it.

Free. To me the matter is very plain. She has out-witted you; and made him believe you wou'd have Marry'd her; this you ſee has enrag'd him againſt you; and being Mad enough to think her Rich, and to be Reveng'd on you, he is gone to Marry her.

Bell. He will be Ruin'd, Undone, Beggard.

Free. And *Marina* the leſs Fortune. That Conſideration is of no ſmall moment to you.

Bell. Your Example is of ſo much greater weight with me, that it has not only reconcil'd me to Marriage, but I think in my Conſcience, I cou'd Marry *Marina* without a For-

Fortune. But it mads me that she shou'd have such a Mother in Law.

Free. She will not be much improv'd by her Example.

Bell. As much as a Man may improve himself in Conversation, by Drinking with the silent Club here.

Free. 'Tis such an improvement as Expert Musitians receive by hearing Bunglers, she may learn what to avoid.

Bell. But is there no way to prevent it.

Free. None, that I know of, unless you had some fresh Matter to urge against her. And here comes the likeliest Man to assist you, to furnish you with Scandal.

Bell. This will be Joyful News to him. Oh he is so facetious when any one has been Guilty of an indiscretion, and has so many smart Jokes upon the Unfortunate!

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. Your Servant Gentlemen. My Spleen has been so tickled just now, at the most diverting sight. Ha, ha.

Bell. What, has any one broke his Neck? or has some young Lady run away with her Brothers Footman? or is the hopeful Son expell'd the Colledge? or has there been a Fire lately in Town? or any Merchants broke?

Worm. Almost as Comical as any of these. I just now met Sir *Francis Feignyouth* handing my Lady *Volant* into his House, he told me he was that Moment going to be Marry'd, and bid me come to you to be Confirm'd of the Truth; Ha, ha.

Bell. And is this so great a Jest?

Worm. Ay, is it not? to have an old Fellow, who is so fond of Whoring and Freedom and Money, make himself a Slave to Marry a Beggar, that she is one I am now convinc'd. Come, will you along with me, I have a Cordial for him that

that will ſpoil the effects of Sack-Poſſet. I ſuppoſe the Buſineſs is finiſh'd by this time, he ſhall not know it before. 'Tis ſuch a Jeſt!

Bell. No, no, I am Melancholly enough already, and thy Jeſts always give me the Spleen.

Worm. Well, I'll go alone then, for I long to plague him. [*Exit* Wormwood.

Free. That a Fellows whole Delight ſhou'd be the Torment of others. *Enter* Trickwell.

Trick. Sir, Sir, I have rare News for you. I have found out that will break off Sir *Francis*'s Match.

Bell. Be quick in telling it.

Trick. Hearing you in great concern to day for his Deſign to Marry my Lady *Volant*, I went immediately to her pretended Steward, who you muſt know, Sir, is my old Acquaintance.

Bell. The propereſt Perſon to detect her.

Trick. And wheedled him into a Confeſſion that ſhe has kept him two or three years.

Bell. Kept him! To what End?

Trick. Why, faith Sir, I believe to much the ſame End, that you kept the Fine Lady that Lodg'd in *Convent-Garden*.

Bell. This indeed may do, if the Intelligence comes not too late; but can you produce him that we may Confront her with him.

Trick. He is waiting for me at the end of the Walk.

Bell. Haſt to him then, and pretend his Lady wants him; ſend him to us at Sir *Francis Feignyouth*'s, and wait you below till I call.

Trick. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Bell. Excellent Fellow! For thy Reward, if thy hopeful Spouſe be in this Country, I'll find her out for you; But away. [*Exit* Trickwell.

Come

Come *Freelove*, you will go with me, you may have an opportunity to ſee your *Æmilia*.

Free. That Conſideration will carry me any where.

[*Exit* Free. *and* Bell.

The Scene Changes to Sir Francis Feignyouth's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Francis Feignyouth *and Lady* Volant.

Sir *Fr.* COme, Lady, now you are mine in ſpite of all my Rivals. I'll have them all to Supper, to Triumph over them. We will have nothing but Revelling, Feaſting and Kiſſing, for our firſt Month at leaſt. But we'll go to Bed ſoon, becauſe the Drums and Trumpets will Diſturb us early.

Lady *Vol.* You will find ſome Duns in the Morning will diſturb your Reſt much more than they. (*Aſide.*)

Sir *Fr.* VVhat ſays Your Ladyſhip?

Lady *Vol.* Only contemplating on my Good Fortune.

Sir *Fr.* I'll give you no leiſure to contemplate; you ſhall be buſied with Action. I have ſent to invite my Rivals from *Bellmine* down to *Vainly*; I'd not give a Farthing for a Jewel I muſt always keep lockt up in my Cabinet. I Love to publiſh my Happineſs. But where are theſe Girls run?—— This Marriage has ſet them a Madding now to be at it too—— Here Niece, Daughter, where are you?

Enter Æmilia *and* Marina.

I am ſorry, Niece, your Admirer has no Eſtate, that you might not lye alone to Night.

Æm. If I like his other Qualifications well enough to Marry him, that ſhall be no Objection.

Sir *Fr.* She is ſtark Mad; I muſt Marry my Daughter as ſoon as I can, or ſhe may Debauch her to the ſame Deſign. (*Aſide*) But I am reſolv'd nothing ſhall Diſcompoſe me to Night. I have ſent for ſome Muſick to Entertain you; Deſire them to walk in, and ſhow their Art.

A Dialogue.

Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*

He, *YOU* Bellamira *we Admire,*
Which pleaſes you, tho' ill you uſe us;
You wou'd taſte Joys, which we deſire,
And Puniſh both, when you refuſe us.

She, *Thoſe Joys I'd keep as well as taſte,*
But both by yielding are deſtroy'd;
For Men are ever in ſuch haſte,
E're we have taſted, they are cloy'd.

He, *All Humane Things their Criſis have,*
To which arriv'd, they fade away;
So long for Love you make us crave,
E're you Conſent, our flames decay.

She, *On what ſtrange Diet Lovers Live!*
On hopes the Fair may be enjoy'd;
Love even can Deſpair ſurvive,
But is by nouriſhment deſtroy'd.

He, *Inſatiate! I'd my Love repeat,*
Only to breathing time agree;
Becauſe I cannot always Eat,
Will you both Starve your ſelf and me.

She,

She, *I grieve* Philander *to deny,*
And yet I loose you if I grant;
Not I alone can Satisfy,
Without Variety you want.

He, *Each Part Variety affords,*
Your Hand, your Eyes, your Lips, your Breast:
Believe this Kiss, if not my Words,
For Love by Action's best expreſt.

Chorus.

He, *Believe this Kiss, if not my Words,*
For Love by Action's best expreſt.
She, *That I'll believe, tho' not your Words,*
For Love by Action's best expreſt.

Enter Vainly *and* Wormwood.

Vain. Why, it is impoſſible, Mr. *Wormwood*, that ſhe cou'd be falſe to me; I will not believe ſhe is Married.

Worm. No, if thou wert Marry'd to her, you wou'd not believe your ſelf a Cuckold, tho' you ſaw her a Bed with another Man.

Sir *Fr.* You are welcome, Gentlemen. Mr. *Vainly*, our Quarrels are at an end now.

Worm. Then you are Marry'd. Ha, ha, ha——

Sir *Fr.* Why, that is kind to rejoyce at your Friends good Fortune.

Vain. But, Madam, is it your way to receive Preſents from one Man, and Marry another?

Sir *Fr.* How Preſents!

La. *Val.* If one ſhou'd give attention to what every Fop ſays——

Worm. Nay, Sir *Francis*, be not angry at that. 'Twere happy for you, if ſhe had receiv'd Preſents enough to pay her Debts.

Sir *Fr.* Oh are you there! That's well. Heark ye Slave have you not often ſwore to me, that my Lady *Volant* here was worth——

Tim. Not one ſhilling, Sir, that I know of.

Sir *Fr.* And am I Cheated, Chous'd, Fool'd, Abus'd, Ruin'd, Confounded, hah?

Tim. Somewhat like it, truly Sir.

Sir *Fr.* I'll have her burnt for a Witch, and I'll have you flea'd you Dog. I'll do't my ſelf.

Vain. Ay, 'tis plain her tenderneſs of me, wou'd not let her Ruin me.

Bell. Hold, hold Sir, you have not yet heard the worſt.

Sir *Fr.* Can any thing be worſe? what! Can any thing be worſe than Poverty?

Bell. You ſhall hear. Come Sirrah, make me a full Confeſſion of all the Familiarities that have paſs'd between you two.

Tim. Alas Sir, wou'd you have me ſo ungenerous to Betray a Lady's Secrets?

Worm. Why this is Admirable, this is better ſport than I expected.

Bell. No delay, or I'll ſaw you Windpipe this moment; Be quick, and let me not waſt Breath on thee.

Sir *Fr.* And before mine is gone.

Tim. Why then, Sir, if I muſt tell—— But really 'tis not like a Man of Honour in Me.

Lady *Vol.* 'Tis no matter, *Timothy*, your Confeſſion comes too late now to ſave him: 'Twill ſignify no more than a Pardon after Execution. The more he knows the more he will give to be freed from me, and then I'll leave this hideous Country for ever. (*Aſide.*)

Bell. What, are you already Marry'd? Have you made ſuch haſt to be undone.

Sir *Fr.* Ay, ay, the Knot is ty'd; But come, go on, go on with your Confeſſion.

Tim. Then Sir, ſince I may ſpeak, I have for about theſe three years liv'd with my Honour'd Lady there, as her Steward in Publick, and as her Husband in Private.

Sir *Fr.* Oh I faint! I dye, I dye! I'm a dead Man, I'm ſtone dead! (*Sits down.*)

Tim. I think I had beſt ſneak off before he comes to himſelf, leaſt I ſhou'd be made to verify the Proverb, Confeſs and be Hang'd. [*Exit.*

Mar. Good Sir, be pacify'd.

Sir *Fr.* Be pacify'd! Be damn'd; I'm in a fairer way for that. But I'll do one Meritorious Act firſt, I'll pluck her Heart out—— Let me at her.

Lady *Vol.* At your Peril touch me; here are Witneſſes enough, ſhou'd you offer me any Violence.

Vain. Yes, yes Madam, I am bound in Conſcience to be a Witneſs for you, becauſe you Lov'd me too well to Marry me.

VVorm. Fear him not, Madam; we will ſtand by you: Faith I Love thee better then ever, for the miſchief thou haſt done.

Sir Fr. Doſt thou ſo, Tormentor? I'll have you two ſwing'd before I dye, that you may be Laugh'd at too. Here, where are my Servants?

VVorm. Come *Vainly*, we'll ſpare him the Trouble, let us to the Coffee-Houſe, I burſt till I publiſh this.

Vain. Ay, pray let us go. Give ye Joy, Sir, Give ye Joy. [*Exeunt* Vain. *and* VVorm.

Sir *Fr.* VVhat had I to do with a Wife, what had I to do with a Wife! Had I not Eaſe enough, had I not Freedom enough, had I not VVealth enough! I had every thing but VVit enough.—— Oh! I am a Jeſt to the VVorld, a Scandal to my Name, a Curſe to my Family, and a Hell to my ſelf.

Bell. You afflict your ſelf too much.

Sir *Fr.* Impoſſible! Had ſhe Virtue, that were ſome atonement for her Poverty. Or had ſhe been a Miſs to ſome Favo-

Favorite, and beg'd an Eſtate of Forfeited Lands, that had been ſome Comfort. But to be a Strumpet, and a poor Strumpet!——

Bell. 'Tis but giving her ſeparate Maintainance at worſt.

Sir *Fr.* No, no, I am reſolv'd on it, I'll ſeparate my ſelf from the World. I am juſt going, juſt expiring, Mr. *Bellmine*, I am wondrous faint on the ſuddain; all in a cold ſweat. But before I dye, let me diſpoſe of my Family; here Mr. *Bellmine*, take my Daughter, and all I have; you deſerve it for the Good you deſign'd me. But be ſure to Plague that Viper with Law, before ſhe gets any thing.

Lady *Vol.* I deſpiſe your Malice, I'll have a ſhare of your Fortune ſpite of you all.

Bell. I hope, Madam, you will not oppoſe Sir *Francis's* Deſign to make me the happieſt of Men.

Mar. Since my Father has diſpos'd of me, I own it is according to my Inclinations.

Enter Trickwell *haſtily to* Bellmine.

Trick. Sir, Sir, have you no more to do with *Timothy*, I ſaw him ſteal away.

Bell. Nothing more. He has Confeſt all he told you concerning that Lady.

Trick. Hah! What do I ſee?

La. *Vol.* *Trickwell* there! Oh I am loſt for ever. *(ſeems to faint)*

Sir *Fr.* A Judgment, a Judgment from Heaven! ſhe dyes and I live. *(Starting up.)*

Trick. Let her alone, I'll bring her to herſelf again.

Sir *Fr.* What, are you another of her Lovers?

Trick. No, no, Sir, I am none of her Lovers, for I am her Husband.

Omnes, How her Husband!

Lady *Vol.* Unlucky Wretch! What Devil ſent thee here to my Undoing.

Sir

Sir *Fr.* I think thou wert the Spark that banter'd me this Evening ſo ſmartly. But no more fooling, I am in no Jeſting humour.

Trick. Really Sir, I am ſo well acquainted with her Ladyſhip, that it is an Honour I ſhou'd not aſſume to my ſelf, if it were not Truth.

Lady *Loh.* Fool, Thoughtleſs Sot! It were for thy Intereſt, as well as mine, to conceal this now; till I had got a Sum of Money to quit him. For know prating Brute, I have juſt Marry'd him.

Trick. Oh Wonderful!

Sir *Fr.* Oh wonderful Deliverance! Oh Bleſſing unthought of! I find my ſtrength return; I ſhall live for ever. I am light as Air. I am in as much danger now of running Mad for Joy, as before for Grief. But take her to thee, go take her, and much good may ſhe do ye.

Trick. Oh by no means Sir, after your is good manners, Sir, ſhe is at your Service with all my heart and ſoul. Indeed Sir, ſhe is.

Lady *Vol.* Be dumb for ever. Or talk his equal now, thou canſt do me no farther Miſchief, nor can I longer bear thy ſight. Farewel, and may each of you find his Wife, what you have taken ſuch pains to prove me. [*Exit.*

Trick. Truly, I needed not have taken ſuch pains to have known *Timothy*'s ſecrets.

Free. We need not wonder at her Rage. But *Trickwell*, is this the very Lady you Marry'd in *London* for a Fortune.

Trick. The very Numerical ſhe, Sir; only ſhe has chang'd her Name.

Sir *Fr.* Thou haſt made ſuch a happy Change in my Fortune, that I will make thine; I will reward thee moſt profuſely for this.

Free. Shall I be the only Man, who ſhall complain of Fortune. (*To Æmilia.*)
Shall Love ſo pure as mine meet no Reward? *Em.*

Æm. Diſintereſted, Faithful Love, deſerves a higher Reward than I can give.

Free. You are Reward above Man's Merit. Heaven can give no greater upon Earth.

Æm. And will you Marry a Woman that has nothing.

Free. Do not torture me with ſuch Queſtions. I wou'd, I wou'd, 'tis all I ask of Heaven.

Æm. Remember I have told you all the Inconveniencies.

Free. None, none, there can be none. 'Twere Luxury to ſtarve with you. Pleaſure and Freedom in a Goal.

Æm. Then take this earneſt of a Heart, *(Giving her Hand)* as full of Generoſity, as full of Love as yours.

Free. You give me endleſs, endleſs Joys.

Sir *Fr.* How, how, Niece, will you throw your ſelf away thus? Marry a Man without a Fortune!

Æm. Even ſo, Sir. Nor ſhall I think my ſelf thrown away on him. Remember how lately you had been almoſt Ruin'd by Marrying for one.

Sir *Fr.* Well, do what you pleaſe. I ſhall never be angry again. A pretty Preſent this, Sir, ſhe has made you. A fine Woman, and to my knowledge Twenty thouſand Pounds ready Money.

Free. Had you the *Indies*, I cou'd not Love you more, but this is very ſurprizing.

Æm. It was an Uncle's Gift I had in *England*; and I have induſtriouſly thus long conceal'd it, that I might not be peſter'd by Fortune-hunters, and might be aſſur'd that he who Marry'd me, had no other Motive but Love. And I am happy that he prov'd ſo Generous, I Lik'd ſo well.

Bell. Nay then, Madam, I think I may Diſcover his ſecret now. Fate deſign'd you for each other. He too has had the ſame Deſign, you are not more alike in Tempers than in Fortune. For I can aſſure you this Gentleman, who has given himſelf

himself the Repute of being worth Nothing, has an Estate in Reality of Three thousand Pounds a Year.

Sir Fr. Admirable! Excellent! Nay, I always thought the deserv'd one. A most compleat Gentleman!

Free. Let Misers be Enslav'd, and Drudge for Gain,
Their Joys are False, tho' they their Wish Obtain.
While no base Int'rest, Gen'rous Souls regard,
And Love and Peaceful Minds be their Reward.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.